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DECEMBER 17, 1955

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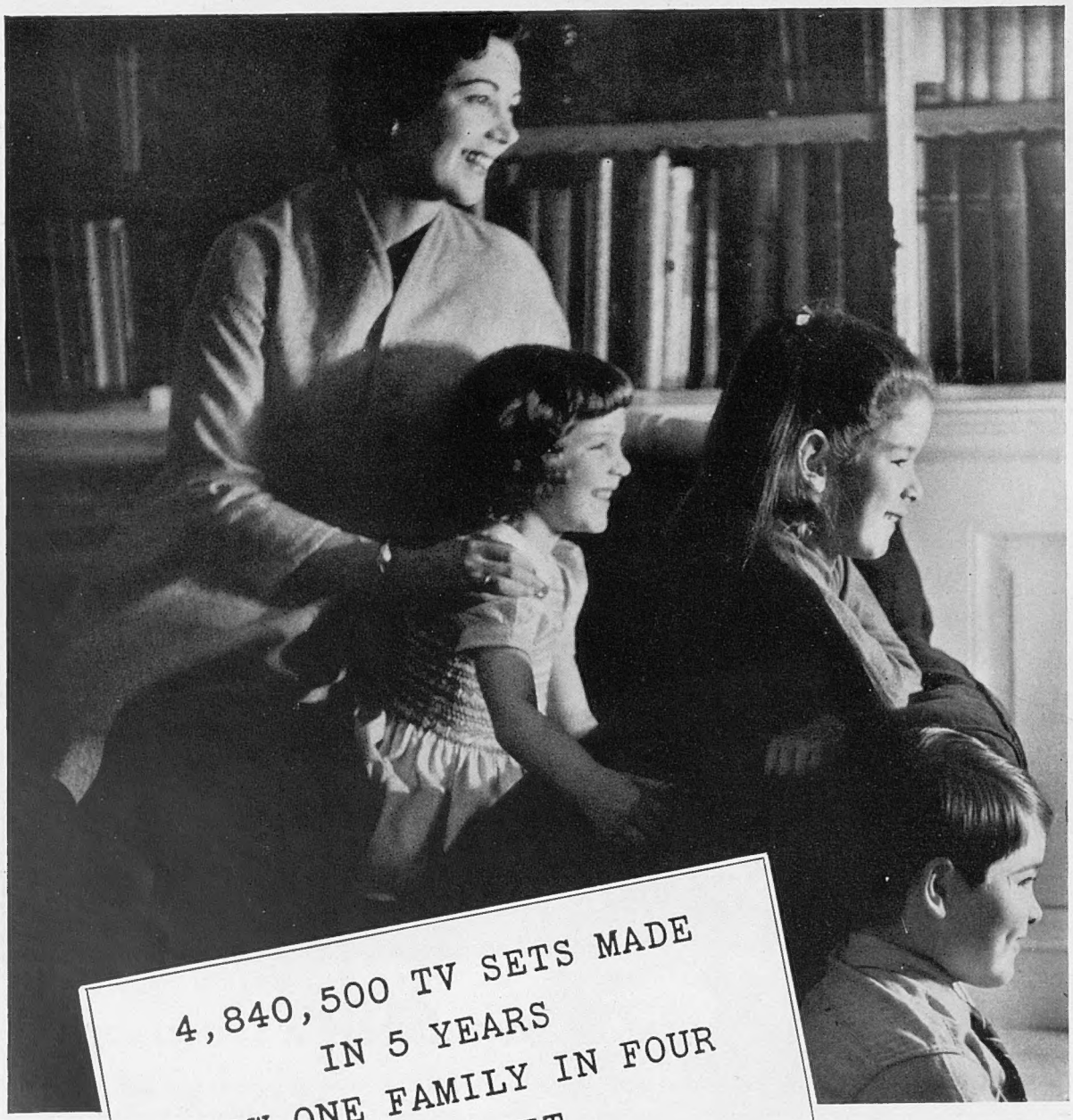
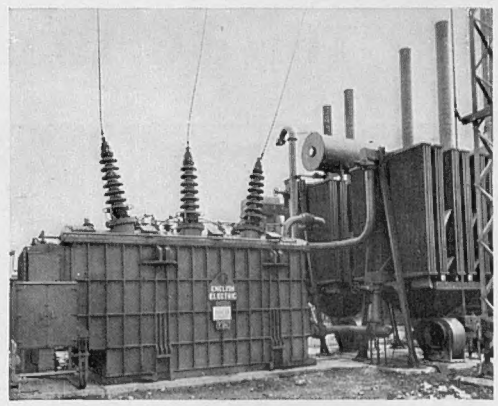
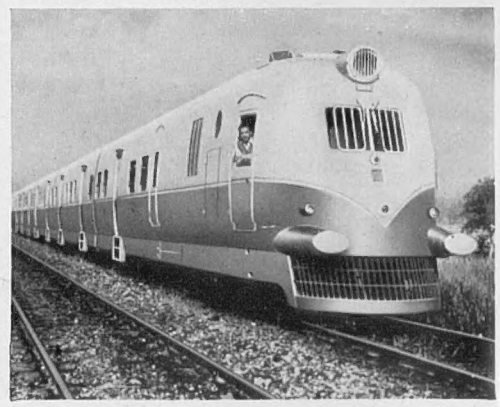
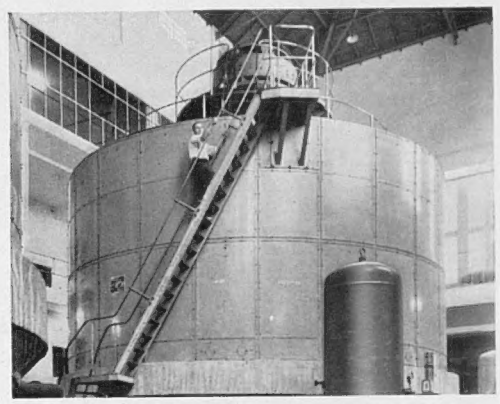


**POWER FOR INDUSTRY.** *This transformer at Walsall Power Station helps control electricity needed in Midland factories, including many making TV sets.*



**EARNING MONEY OVERSEAS.** *Egypt has recently acquired* 19 ENGLISH ELECTRIC *five-coach articulated diesel-electric trains to operate a new high-speed passenger service.*



**DEVELOPING MARKETS OVERSEAS.** *Three 56,000-h.p. water-turbine generating sets, and all the other electrical equipment, were supplied by* ENGLISH ELECTRIC *to Cofrentes Power Station, part of Spain's big hydro-electric development plan.*

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Volume CCXXIII No. 2914

The SPHERE, London, December 17, 1955

# The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

**THE FIRST SNOWS OF WINTER—AT THE END OF AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD YEAR THE WEATHER BECAME SEASONABLE AS CHRISTMAS APPROACHED : A carpet of snow 4 ins. thick lay on the road between Perth and Blairgowrie, at Old Scone. Last week snow fell heavily for the first time this winter, not only in Perthshire and other areas of Scotland, where snow-ploughs were called out, but also in England. In Shropshire a party of glider pilots was stranded on a hill near Church Stretton.**

The summer was warm and sunny, the autumn mild and fresh. Now, as Christmas approaches, the weather has become seasonable, and the first heavy falls of snow descended on Great Britain last week. Scotland, as usual, was the first to receive appreciable snowfalls, but it was not heavy enough to cause any of the distress which was endured last winter. Later, snow fell steadily in Wales and in the West of England. A number of roads were made impassable, and in Shropshire seven men and two women were stranded on top of a hill for a night. They were members of a local glider club who were unable to descend because of the sudden and heavy falls of snow. Oddly enough, news of the first snows of winter coincided with the rationing of water in County Durham, one of the northern counties most severely affected by drought. The exceptionally dry weather has forced the local authorities to take this step, and it seems that rationing will have to continue until after Christmas. As a result of the various experiments carried out in recent months, the local authorities have appealed to the Air Ministry for experts to produce artificial rain, or, possibly, also snow.

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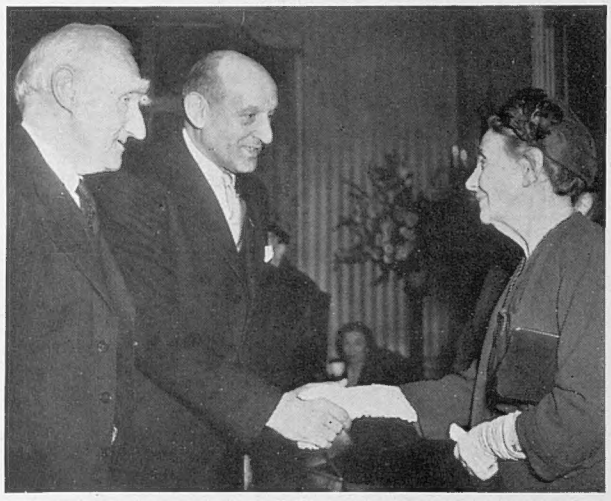
## PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

**CHRISTIANS AND JEWS MEET AT WESTMINSTER: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher (left), and the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Israel Brodie, in conversation before the annual meeting of the Council of Christians and Jews at Church House.** Dr. Fisher presided and both he and the Chief Rabbi took part in the discussions. It was stated that efforts were still being made to renew Roman Catholic participation in the work of the Council after their withdrawal over a year ago. Dr. Fisher explained earlier this year that although the Vatican appreciated the objects of the Council, it did not approve of some of the methods used to implement these aims.



**A RECEPTION IN LONDON TO MARK THE AWARD OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE:** Dame Kathleen Courtney, president of the United Nations Association, meets Dr. G. J. van Heuven Goedhart, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, during a reception at the English-Speaking Union in Charles Street. Looking on (left) is Lord Boyd-Orr. Dr. Goedhart received the Nobel Prize on behalf of the High Commission last Saturday.

**A COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTER AND HIS WIFE FLY HOME: Viscount Malvern, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and his wife are seen at London Airport before embarking in a plane en route to Livingstone, Rhodesia.** Their visit to England, which began on October 14, was a combined business and private trip. In addition to taking his seat in the House of Lords, Viscount Malvern had several talks with United Kingdom Ministries.


**YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM?**

*There can be no better Christmas present than a subscription to* THE SPHERE*—a reminder of your generosity every week in the year. A greetings card will be sent at your request to notify the recipient of the gift at Christmas-time. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s.; £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere overseas £5 18s. 6d.; £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. Terms include postage. For a smaller gift, the Christmas Number alone, with its many pages in full colour, can be sent for 3s. 10d. post free, anywhere. Orders may be placed at your usual newsagents or bookstall or (together with remittance) sent direct to the Publisher (Dept. SX), 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*


# A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

**The Lost Leader.**—Mr. Attlee has led his party through thick and thin, good times and bad, for twenty years. He is now seventy-two and his health is not what it was. He liked to call himself a very ordinary man, and few men who have held the highest office in the State have succeeded so well as he in remaining inconspicuous and out of the limelight, in keeping their heads and a sense of proportion, in refusing to roar like a lion or dress the part of stage heroes. In those years and before, he has served his party well and his country very well. He was a good fighting soldier in World War One. In World War Two, he was Churchill's deputy leader, and he ensured in that time of mortal danger that none was for the party and all were for the State. More than that, for the country's good, he has always upheld the authority of government, the preservation of the decency, dignity and authority of Parliament; and with something akin to genius, and always inconspicuously, he has led his party and controlled its bitterly opposed elements. There have been times when probably no other man in that party could have kept the party together and steered it to its destiny and successes. He has proved a master among chairmen, in Cabinet and committee, and men of all parties must regret his retirement and acknowledge the great debt which the nation, Parliament and his party owe him. A very ordinary man? Yes and no. There is nothing very ordinary about a man who remains ordinary after tasting and exercising extraordinary power and responsibility. Mr. Attlee's long leadership of the party may have cooked the goose of one or two of his likely successors. But the reason for that lay in his own unique fitness for the difficult job to be done. His successor will need to be another ordinary (or extraordinary) man.

**Tartar Party.**—I doubt whether any of our organisations would spend time and money to throw a party for our Teddy Boys, and I confess I share the views of the *Daily Telegraph* and others that the "working party" now considering ways and means splendidly to entertain next spring those two Teddy Bears from Russia is wasting its time and our money on a project which few of us welcome, and few of us think either useful or dignified. I rather hope those two will have the decency to cry off. But since they are pachyderms, they may not understand how we have reacted to their insults from India. Indeed, probably if they come, they will flatter Britain and insult India; and the worth of these now fashionable State visits is to be estimated in that possibility. Our Government is so beautifully indoctrinated with the fine old traditions of the old diplomacy and the old school tie that they often appear to play a ludicrous part in the arena of East–West politics. They seem so concerned not to disappoint the wild beasts in the arena that there is always a surplus of unarmed Christians to entertain every bear. If the working party is realistic, it will arrange a visit to Broadmoor, to the Zoo and to Borstal, and not throw our good money away after bad on any more splendid functions. We must, if they come, let those Russians feel at home. Our Government is perhaps a little too velvet-gloved and old-world-diplomatic in dealing with the world's Teddy Boys and Teddy Bears, and I suspect that the Kremlin chiefs are a little too Teddy Boy for the Russia they represent abroad. Of course, most democratic peoples feel perfectly competent to "teach their Senators wisdom," and don't hesitate to do so. I feel much more confident that the Russian people can, when given the chance, teach their Senators good manners and decency, and we would rather act as hosts to representatives of the Russian people *outside* the Kremlin.

**The Counsel of the Old Man.**—The grand old man, returning to politics, staged a "Midlothian Campaign" of infinite wisdom. Sir Winston's advice to the young Conservatives of his division was to keep their heads, to urge no corresponding acerbation of East–West tension such as the cancellation to-day of the Russians' spring visit, and not yet to assume that all the good which seemed to come from Geneva I. is gone with the wind. After all, he seemed to argue, these two men, Bulganin and Khrushchev, were not trained up in the old diplomacy, nor educated at Harrow or Eton, and we have constant evidence that diplomatic missions require a great deal of experience and that the Kremlin chiefs are not the best ambassadors or exploiters of the Russian people's desire to live in peace and friendship with Western powers. Their athletes and sailors do the job better. Sir Winston's anxiety was more particular than general—a fear that we are falling far behind the Russians in technological training in mechanical engineering. As for the ruins of our Middle East policy and the return to a more bitter cold-war, that he pooh-poohed. Everywhere in the troubled world, the situation was better as a result of that gleam from Geneva I.; and time, patience and good sense might enlarge the patch of blue which clouded over so rapidly since he left the bridge. He declared from strength, the strength of proven success, of great authority, of the opportunity for calm thinking divorced from the responsibility of instant decisions. The elder statesman in retirement to-day has advantages denied to all heads of Government. He can think before he speaks or acts. He can see the wood whole and not merely the nearest trees.

**The Word "Never."**—As I said last week, the statesman is far less happy than the artist or author or architect. He cannot depend on building something which a century on will still be standing and approved by posterity as a masterpiece. The political scene is forever changing. Empires (like the Roman or the Indian) "pass away." The men who create empires may get honour and honours in their day. The artist's glory is permanent. And so with Cyprus. As the *Sunday Times* put it, "self-determination" is a slogan, not a solution, and "Never" is a word never to be used in politics. It is always empty, often dangerous, not least to the reputation of the statesman who uses it. As suggested, public men in Britain don't well understand how to deal with Teddy Boys; we don't recognise that they are a greater problem in world politics than in our domestic life. No one suggests that we should surrender to yells, bottles and stones every time we meet them, but the best way to meet them, even in Borstal, is *not* to wave red rags to the bull-calves; and "*never*" is the reddest of rags to the young. The first thing is always to restore order calmly and without an unnecessary word be it threat or promise. Greece is not unfriendly to us. Many Cypriots are friendly and desire to live in peace more acutely than under this or that flag. Nothing can be achieved by negotiation while anarchy survives. After that, it is up to the Cypriots to get what the majority wants by civilised means. A people, however large or small, which allows itself to be guided by its tail (and a puppy's tail at that) sacrifices its most vital claim to self-determination. Grown-up Cypriots probably still remember Cyprus's history. Self-determination may well again lead that island out of a frying-pan into the fire. Turkey remains to be reckoned with.

**The Round Table.**—Milner's Kindergarten, formed of many promising young men after the great Boer War, has turned down many an empty glass of late, reminding us that "the days of our age" still average three-score years and ten, if as much. Lord Milner gave a party—where is that party now?—Philip Kerr, Lord Lothian, youngest of the party, died in 1940. He was first Editor of the *Round Table Review*. Geoffrey Dawson's death is remembered in a new biography. Edward Grigg, Lord Altrincham, another Editor of the *Round Table*, died last week, not long after Lionel Curtis and Dougal Malcolm, other remarkable members of the kindergarten, all of whom made their mark in colonial affairs, business, soldiering, journalism or politics. If the list of those promising young men is not complete, the kindergarten is sadly shrunk. They were much flattered and looked up to from Edwardian days, they were, for the most part, admired members of the Cliveden set, over which

## A WALPOLE SALVER SOLD IN LONDON

**BIDDING IN PROGRESS FOR THE SILVER SALVER AT CHRISTIE'S: It was sold by Mrs. Colin Davy, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Horace Walpole, and bought for £7,800 by Thomas Lumley Limited, of Bury Street, St. James's. The salver was made by the French silversmith Paul de Lamerie, in 1728, for Sir Robert Walpole, in commemoration of his holding the Exchequer Seal of George I. It weighs 135 ozs. 7 dwt. and is elaborately engraved**

Nancy, Lady Astor, presided. Where is that party now? And how do we reckon the worth of a good man's public achievements? Not by the permanence of what he builds. The world we live in is for ever in transition. There is no criterion but that of good and patient craftsmanship with the best materials and theory available at the time he built. It would be wrong to say that if the advice of Milner's young men had been more often taken, many troubles might have been saved the Commonwealth. Their counsels were often implemented and always taken seriously. Less fortunate than an architect, a painter, a musician, even an author, a statesman or an empire builder can seldom hope that his building shall stand, a permanent model of excellence, in the eyes of posterity.

**We Must Move Quicker.**—I am glad to think that I shall not live to enjoy the promised amenities of 1975. By that time, Mr. Peter Masefield assures us, we shall at last have some fastish transport planes capable of speeds of 1,800 m.p.h.; and these, linked with monorails of 150 m.p.h. from city centre to airport, will bring down the time taken to reach Edinburgh from London to 15 minutes. Oddly enough, the pleasantest memories which remain with me concern the more leisurely approach to beloved Scotland. The gloom of Rugby junction, the milk-churns clanking at Carlisle, the grey Scottish roofs in the grey dawn after the puffing ascent of Shap. And, later in life, the thrill of Scotch Corner after the boredom of A1. But by 1975 these pleasures will be eliminated and Edinburgh will be a suburb of London. And will that make the Scots love us more and make us understand the Scottish point of view better? It is not so much anybody's guess as everybody's nap. It won't. The faster we can travel to Moscow, the slower is our progress to understanding and fellowship. When the nations were enabled to turn their statesmen into Flying Dutchmen, perpetually airborne, these statesmen hopefully (if we did not) looked to quicker results. What a hope! Improved communications have bedevilled world statesmanship and diplomacy, and the bad old days when the affairs of nations were conducted with cool heads in Whig libraries, and world affairs were, to some extent, the affair of Ambassadors, seem to-day not so bad after all. They achieved some results. What a pity it is that scientists don't concentrate their genius on speeding up matters of more concern to you and me, than turning Edinburgh into London's Wimbledon and Moscow into Liverpool.

**The Potter's Thumb.**—The authenticity of works of art attributed to famous masters is constantly challenged by the critics and, often enough, experts have been dethroned or laughed out of court, and buyers have regretted good money thrown away. Now, it seems, the Bertillon system is to be called into use to establish beyond reasonable doubt the authenticity of sculpture attributed to great masters. A collector who owns a terra-cotta of St. John Baptist, which he firmly believes to be a Verrochio, sent it to an expert in New York for appraisal. The expert, by scientific means, discovered finger-marks on the bust. The sculptor had used his fingers as well as modelling tools. Presuming that Verrochio, if he used his fingers for one model may have done so for others, the expert obtained permission from the National Gallery, in Washington, to have moulds made for scrutiny of two acknowledged busts by Verrochio of the Medici. If these two also reveal finger-prints, the Bertillon system can be called into play to prove the authenticity of St. John Baptist. Q.E.D., but, of course, assuming that the attribution of the Medici busts to Verrochio is beyond doubt. Finger-prints were not recorded and filed in Florence in the sixteenth century. It is a pity that signatures are not quite so foolproof as thumb-prints.

**The Shooting Season.**—The shooting season is now past its zenith. The first covert shoots are over and the "cocks only" days are ahead; and very pleasant they can be. The leaves fell late and the first shoots were concentrated into a few weeks. For the most part, wild and reared pheasants did well, while partridges were scarce, but I heard of (and came in for) at least one record partridge bag in West Sussex, which is not a partridge country. Most shoots nowadays must take place on a Saturday, which implies the clashing of dates. Full employment makes it inevitable that on Saturdays only are guns and beaters available, and year by year, inevitably as one grows older, one has fewer opportunities to indulge that illogical taste in *homo sapiens*. But the killing is not everything and can never be justified if it be not swift and accurate. The scene, the company, the weather, above all, are what make your day. And this year, at any rate, has produced so far a fine record in one respect: from September 1 to date, every single Saturday has proved a perfect day for shooting; most of them bathed in beneficent autumn sunshine, none with even a sprinkle of rain. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

**RURAL DEVON PRESERVED**

Nearly all Buildings in Up-Ottery are Listed as of Special Architectural and Historic Interest.

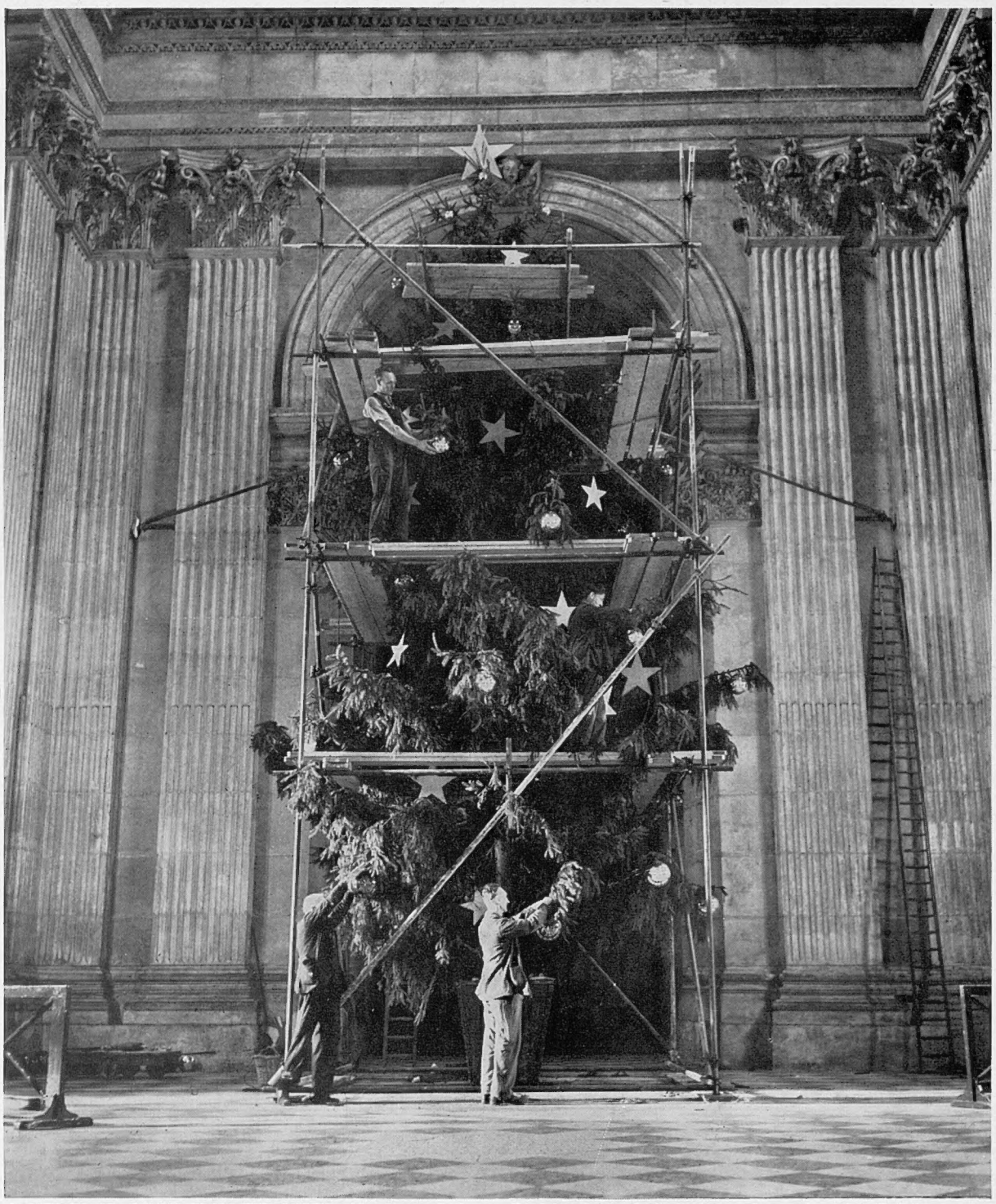
Drawings and Article by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY

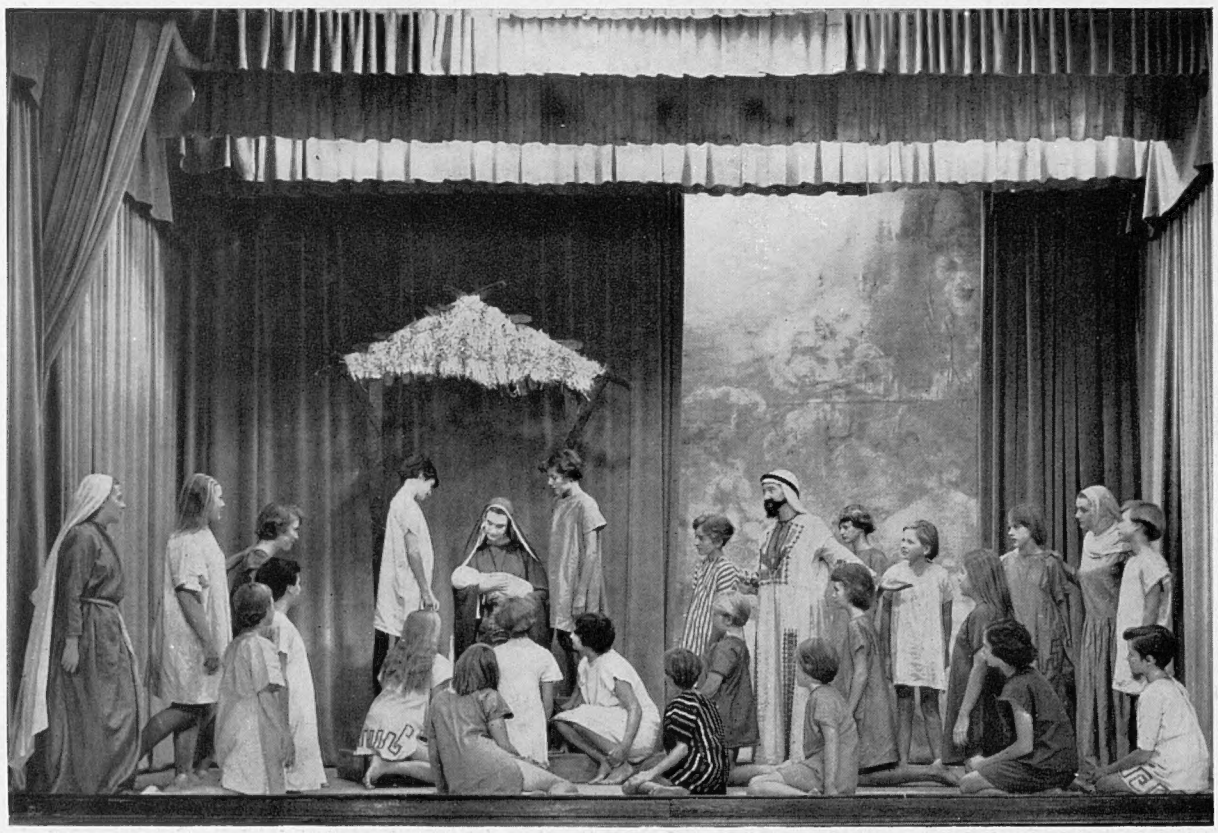
**THE QUEEN LEAVES HARRODS, IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, AFTER AN EARLY-MORNING CHRISTMAS SHOPPING VISIT: Her Majesty spent about an hour-and-a-half in the store, visiting several departments and making many purchases. During her tour of the store the Queen met the Duchess of Kent, who was also Christmas shopping. The Queen and her family have arranged to leave London next Thursday for their Christmas holiday at Sandringham.**

## A TOWN CRIER'S HANDBELL FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

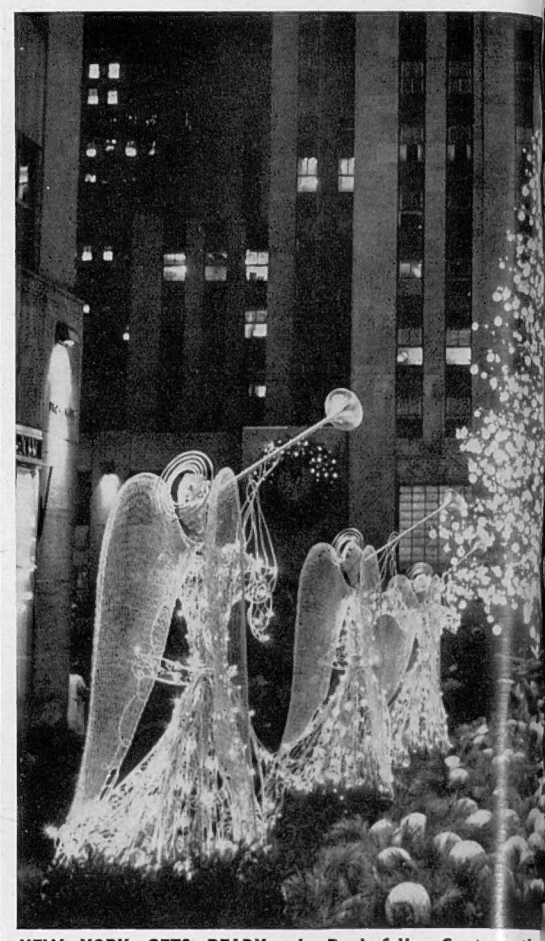
**BRITAIN'S FORMER PRIME MINISTER RECEIVES THE WILLIAMSBURG AWARD IN LONDON: He is seen addressing the company at the Drapers' Hall after receiving the award, which consists of an honorarium of 10,000 dollars and a silver replica of Williamsburg's Town Crier's bell. (The bell, which has been chosen as the symbol of the people's defence of their liberties, is on the table in the right foreground.) Sir Winston is the first recipient of the award, which has been created by the Trustees of Williamsburg, the restored eighteenth-century capital of the former British colony in Virginia, for "outstanding achievements in advancing basic principles of liberty and justice." The presentation at the dinner, attended by a distinguished company of Britons and Americans, was made by Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller, Chairman of the Trustees. A message was read from President Eisenhower.**



A GIFT TO ST. PAUL'S FROM THE QUEEN : Members of the staff of London's Cathedral are decorating the Christmas tree which stands inside the West Door. It is 30 ft. high. Her Majesty has given two Christmas trees to St. Paul's. Both come from Windsor Great Park. The second tree is at the top of the steps outside the Cathedral's west end.



*Above*—A CAROL SERVICE WITH TABLEAUX : The scene is "The Children Visit the Babe" during the carol service at Lowther College, the public school for girls, at Bodelwyddan, near Rhyl, in North Wales. The various tableaux of the Nativity are presented on the stage while the carols are sung. Some sixty girls take part in the scenes and the choir consists of another forty.

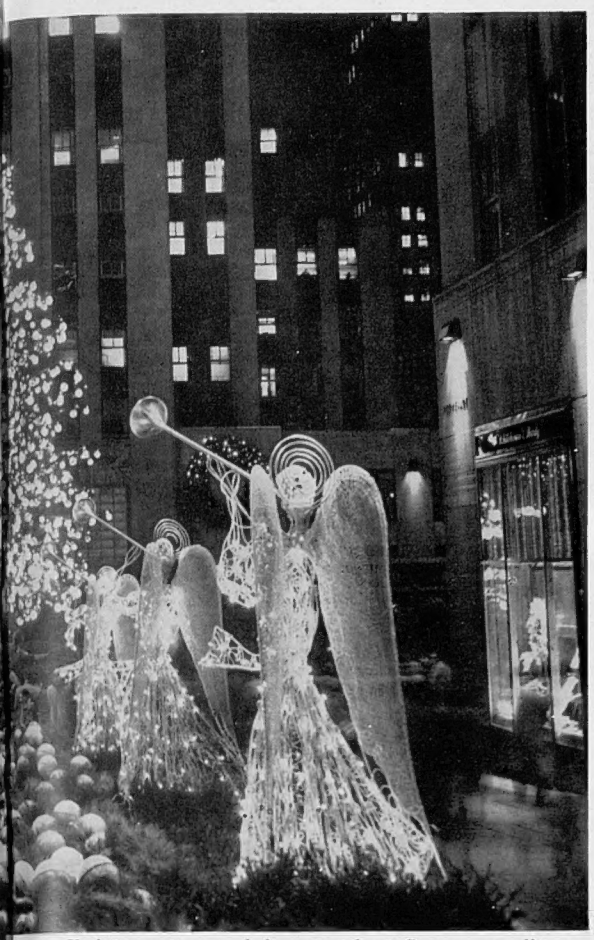


NEW YORK GETS READY : In Rockefeller Center, the The 65-ft.-high tree is a Norwegian spruce. Some have been used in the lighting. This is the 23rd

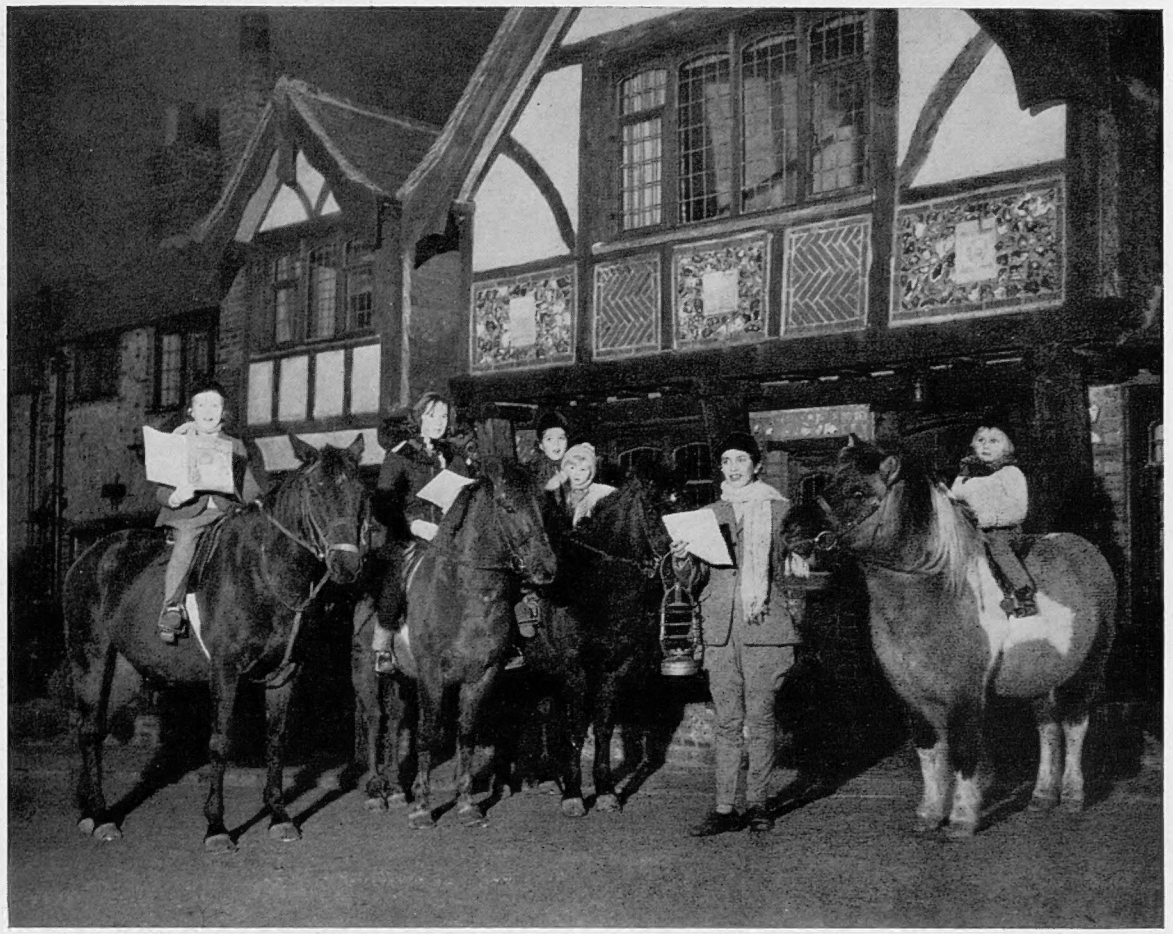
# CHRISTMAS

*Pictures of Preparat ons*
*Parts of Brita in*

*On right*—CHRISTMAS CROWDS IN LONDON : The pavement is packed outside one of the famous big stores in Oxford Street as the Christmas shopping rush enters its final hectic fortnight. Above the crammed pavement can be seen some of the store's decorations. Near by in Regent Street, high above and across the thoroughfare, large stars and other decorations have been hung.



giant Christmas tree and its attendant figures are lit up. 2,500 bulbs and 1,400 globes—red, white, blue and yellow—consecutive year this display has been staged here



CAROLS ON HORSEBACK : A mounted party sings carols in a street in the village of Rottingdean, in Sussex. They are members of the Southdown Pony Club. Standing and holding the lantern is their leader, Miss Toni Webber. The money collected is being given to charities which help animals. This form of carol-singing is increasingly popular in England.

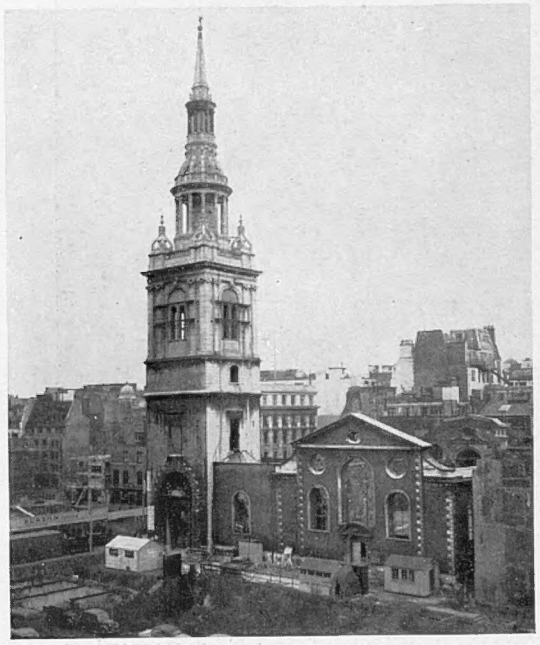
# IS COMING

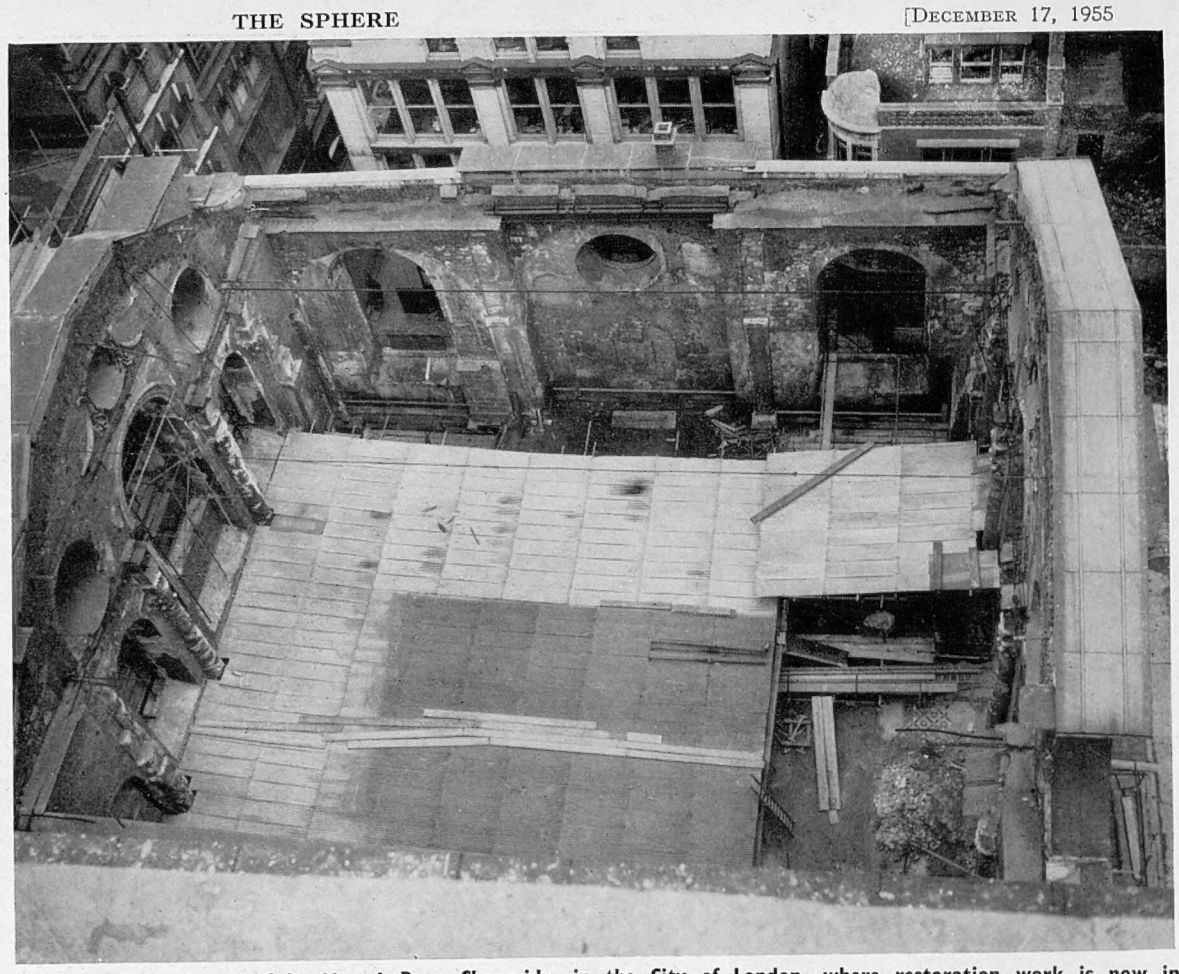
*in London, and in Other*
*and in New York*

IN THE TOWER OF LONDON : The sentry and the Yeoman Warder (on the right) listen while on duty as choristers of the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower of London, stop beneath an ancient archway to sing during their annual round of carols. Behind them is a Yeoman Warder escorting them with a lantern.

# RESTORING FAMOUS BELLS

*Work is in Progress at St. Mary-le-Bow and St. Clement Danes; and the American Chapel in St. Paul's is Taking Shape*

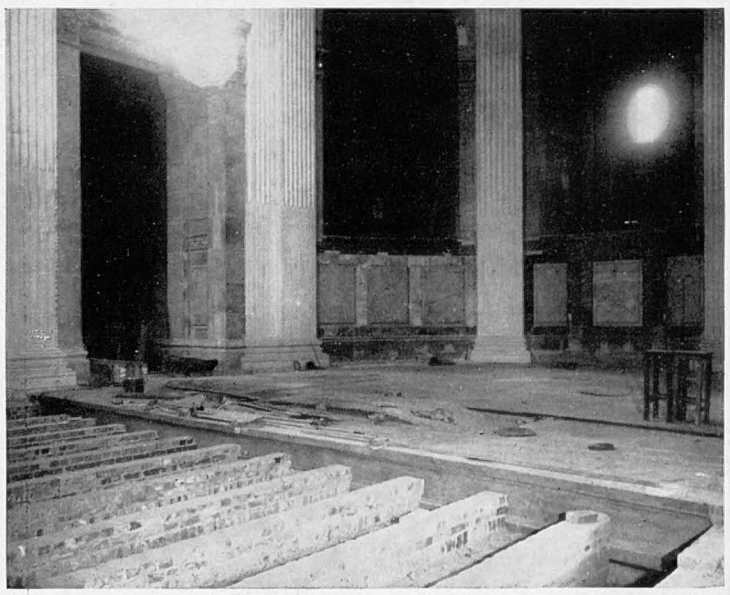




**"BOW BELLS" CHURCH WILL RISE AGAIN: The badly bombed Wren church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, in the City of London, where restoration work is now in hand. The picture *on the right*, taken from the 221-ft.-high tower and steeple, shows the protective covering of corrugated iron sheeting which has been erected inside the church to protect the work in progress in the crypt. The tower, with the famous bells, and the crypt are the first parts of the church to receive attention in the restoration work, the entire cost of which is expected to be £200,000. The tower is considered to be one of Wren's most beautiful designs.**

**RESTORING THE "ORANGES AND LEMONS" CHURCH IN THE STRAND: Scaffolding is in position on the tower and steeple of St. Clement Danes Church, where restoration work is now under way. It is possible that the famous nursery rhyme bells, which crashed from the belfry when the church was bombed in 1941, may be ringing again by next Easter. Ten bells were cracked in the bombing and they were returned to the Whitechapel foundry where they were made, for repair. The eleventh bell, the Sanctus, which dates back to 1588, escaped damage. St. Clement Danes is being rebuilt to serve as the church for the Royal Air Force. The cost of the work is being covered by money from the War Damage Commission and by public subscription.**

**INSIDE THE CRYPT AT ST. MARY-LE-BOW: It has been found to be unsafe, and strengthening has added considerably to the cost of restoration. The crypt, of Saxon work, is being rebuilt as an undercroft chapel. St. Mary's was one of the earliest churches to be built over a crypt composed of arches or bows. It is planned now to include a lunch-room where City workers would be able to meet the parish priest.**



**THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IS TAKING SHAPE: New columns are now in position at the east end of the Cathedral where the American Memorial Chapel is being constructed behind the foundations for the new High Altar. The chapel will contain the memorial book which lists the names of 28,000 United States Service-men who lost their lives in the war while stationed at bases in the United Kingdom. The money for the construction of the chapel (it is expected to cost about £100,000) has been collected in Britain.**

# RESCUE AND SURVIVAL

*Royal Air Force Training for Helicopter Pilots and "Ditched" Airmen in Scotland and Hampshire*

**RESCUE BY HELICOPTER OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST : An R.A.F. helicopter takes off a stretcher from a launch during an exercise by the helicopter Search and Rescue Unit operating from Leuchars, in Fifeshire. During the exercise two helicopters made eight sorties in less than an hour, picking up "ditched" airmen who were afloat in small one-man dinghies six miles off the Angus coast. While the helicopters hovered above the dinghy a steel cable was lowered by means of a winch, and the survivor attached the cable round his body to be lifted up. In one instance the survivor in the dinghy was assumed to be unconscious. The helicopter's navigator therefore lowered himself on the cable and attached the lifting gear to the survivor. Then both were lifted into the helicopter.**

**THE NAVIGATOR GOES DOWN TO THE SEA TO RESCUE AN UNCONSCIOUS SURVIVOR : This is the procedure when the airman who has baled out is unconscious. The navigator is lowered by the steel cable, keeping in touch with the helicopter pilot by wireless.**

**A CIVILIAN FIRM TRAINS R.A.F. HELICOPTER PILOTS : Two R.A.F. pilots make a solo flight above their colleagues at the Air Service Training School at Hamble, in Hampshire. They are among the first Royal Air Force pilots to receive training in helicopter flying at this civilian school. R.A.F. trainees spend three weeks there learning to fly the helicopters which they will use operationally, particularly on search and rescue operations. At the same time, civilian trainees also receive helicopter instruction.**

**SURVIVAL IN THE SNOW : Officer trainees at the R.A.F. Rescue and Survival School at Thorney Island, Hampshire, build snow-shoes from tree twigs and branches. This they would have to do if stranded in Polar regions and tracking across the snow.**

*On right—*

**HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME IN A ONE-MAN DINGHY—A LESSON AT THE R.A.F. RESCUE AND SURVIVAL SCHOOL : While instructors aboard a high-speed launch look on, trainees carry out "wet dinghy" drill in waters near the school's headquarters at Thorney Island. The Rescue and Survival School has begun a series of three-week courses in the latest rescue and survival techniques employed by the R.A.F. in all parts of the world. Particular attention is paid to survival in Arctic conditions, in view of the fact that Polar routes are being more readily used by aircraft to-day. Trainees are instructed in the use of their Arctic equipment, which comprises some twenty items, and are also taught how to improvise transport across the snow.**

**AN ANTI-MOSQUITO HAT FOR THE ARCTIC : A trainee, equipped for cold, is shown a hat which would keep him safe from mosquitoes in the Arctic summer.**

# RED STARS ON TOUR

*In Rangoon Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev Continue their Remarkable Progress through the Orient*

**ON THEIR WAY TO THE LARGEST BUDDHIST SHRINE IN THE WORLD : The central figures of the visit, Mr. Khrushchev (left) and Marshal Bulganin, who are confessed atheists, stride towards the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon.**

The primary purpose of the extended tour made by the Soviet leaders, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, through the Far East has been for domestic propaganda in Russia. Both the Soviet Press and the radio have given much space and time to the activities and statements of these self-styled champions of freedom.

However, in the countries visited their impact has not been so markedly successful. For instance, in Rangoon the Soviet party was taken to see the Golden or Shwe Dagon Pagoda, one of the most famous religious shrines in the Orient. Having clambered up the long flight of steps which is its entrance, Mr. Khrushchev refreshed himself by holding a Press conference and making the most ludicrous remarks about the West. This hardly endeared him to Buddhist opinion. Nor did he create a favourable impression when, a little later, he criticised the actual structure of the ancient pagoda.

**OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE : Conforming to religious custom, the Soviet party has left shoes, and even a hat, outside the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.**

**ADDRESSING "PAID SLAVES OF CAPITALISM" : This was one of the descriptions applied to Western correspondents when the two Red stars, as seen here, were answering questions put by foreign journalists.**

**AT THE TOWN HALL IN RANGOON : The Mayor of the capital of Burma (on right) in his robes of office welcomes the Soviet leaders and includes in the ceremony the presentation of bouquets by Burmese girls.**

**THE DESCENT OF THE STEPS : Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev come down the long flight of nearly 200 steps after their visit to the Pagoda. The climb up to enter had appeared to fatigue them. Sitting down to recover, Mr. Khrushchev had delivered himself of some of the wildest statements about the West he had uttered on the tour.**

# A VILLAGE IN CYPRUS PAYS A FINE

*In Lefkoniko Almost the Entire £2,000 Collective Fine is Offered at Once*

When the post-office building in Lefkoniko was gutted by a gang of schoolboys, it was not the first outrage which had occurred there. The village had already achieved a bad reputation among the many trouble-spots in Cyprus. But the inhabitants probably received a rude shock on the following day. Under military escort an official car arrived, and from it stepped the Governor himself. Sir John Harding briefly informed an assembly of the village elders that they were collectively fined £2,000, the money to be used to build a new post office. Until it was paid there would be a curfew.

The share to be subscribed by each of the householders was assessed in advance by tax collectors. The amounts varied from a few shillings to as much as £35—the latter applying to the owner of a petrol station. On the day decreed for payment there was a long queue outside the police station before the official collectors were ready to begin business in the courtyard. By the end of the day all but forty-five of those fined had paid up and some £1,700 had been collected. The subscribers had included merchants, schoolteachers and shepherds.

About the same time the first whipping sentence under the new Emergency Regulations was ordered. A fifteen-year-old boy was given six strokes for taking part in an unlawful assembly. His name was Nicolaos Desmetrious. He was also fined £30.

**FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS MEANS: Villagers of Lefkoniko, between Nicosia and Famagusta, in Cyprus, pay their shares of the collective fine imposed on the village for the burning down of the post office a fortnight ago by a gang of young hooligans. Sir John Harding announced the community would be fined £2,000.**

***On left—***

**CURFEW AS AN ADDITIONAL PUNISHMENT: The local baker in Lefkoniko—a woman—hands out loaves. A policeman looks on. The inhabitants had to obtain their food and other supplies during the day because of the curfew ordered by Sir John Harding until the fine was paid.**

**AN ORDERLY COLLECTION: Assistant-Commissioner George Sauvides sits at the table to receive the fines. Lefkoniko has a reputation for unruliness, but some £1,700 of the £2,000 collective fine was paid on the first day.**

**THE MONEY ROLLS IN: The official collectors are kept busy at their tables in the yard of the police-station at Lefkoniko as the people of the village pour in to pay their assessments. In the background, inhabitants are queueing to offer their contributions.**

**CURFEW-BREAKERS ARE ROUNDED UP: Escorted by British soldiers and police, they are being marched through Lefkoniko. In the left background is the ruined post office. Its burning-down led to the collective punishment.**

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# NEWS FROM THE FIVE CONTINENTS

*A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in All Parts of the World*

**AFTER TWO YEARS OF DEADLOCK THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT ELECTS JUDGES FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL COURT : Members of the Chamber of Deputies in Rome crowd round the rostrum during the balloting for the last nominations for judges for the final Court of Appeal in Italy on constitutional matters.** Under the post-war Constitution of the Republic the Constitutional Court is to consist of fifteen members, to be appointed in equal proportion by the Judiciary, Parliament and the President. Both in 1953 and in 1954 the Chamber of Deputies was unable to agree on its nominations. Then, earlier this year, two judges were appointed. It proved impossible to get the members of the Chamber to agree on the names of the remaining three, and when last month a neutral candidate was proposed some of the smaller Right-Wing parties protested. They walked out of the Chamber, and the remaining Deputies quickly took advantage of their absence to appoint the three judges.

*On right—*

**AN ADDITIONAL ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT ON THE SUDAN : At the signing in Cairo are, extreme left, Sir Humphrey Trevelyan, the British Ambassador, with Dr. Mohamed Fawzi, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, and Lieut.-Colonel Zakaria Mohieddin, Minister of the Interior and for Sudanese Affairs. The new agreement provides for a plebiscite in the Sudan on self-determination, to take place under the supervision of selected neutral nations.**

**THE LEADER OF MOROCCO'S FIRST REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT : Si Bekkai talks to the Press after his decision to agree to form the first representative Government in Morocco. He has given fifteen of the twenty-one seats in his Cabinet to members of the two main Nationalist parties, with the Istiqlal Party as the dominating force.**

**ROMMEL'S WIDOW VISITS WAR GRAVES IN GREECE : Frau Maria Rommel, widow of the Afrika Korps commander, at the Athens graves of German soldiers killed during the Greek campaigns. With 300 relatives and friends of German soldiers, Frau Rommel had toured the North African battlefields.**

**EIGHT THOUSAND ACRES ABLAZE IN NEW ZEALAND : A remarkable aerial view of the huge forest fire on the Balmoral plantation, near Christchurch, showing the flames and huge pall of smoke in the midst of the forest, rising 7,000 ft. to a level with the mountains in the distance. *On right*—The main south highway through the forest at the point at which the forest fire jumped 180 ft. across the cleared strip. Some 8,000 acres of pine trees in the Government-planted forest were destroyed before the 220 fire-fighters called to the scene brought the blaze, driven along by 65-m.p.h. winds, under control.**

**THE QUEEN OF TONGA IN NEW ZEALAND : Queen Salote is seen with her grandson in Auckland, where she arrived late last month at the beginning of an extended tour of New Zealand and Australia. The Queen of Tonga's grandson, Prince Taufa'ahau, is the son of Prince Tungi, Prime Minister of Tonga and eldest son of Queen Salote. He will accompany his grandmother when she leaves for Australia next month.**

**AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE SQUADRON GETS A NEW COMMANDER—THE TENDER AND HER LITTLE BROOD : Nestling in the harbour of San Diego, California, alongside the submarine tender *Nereus*, are the submarine rescue vessel *Florikan* and the nine underwater craft of the United States Navy's Fifth Submarine Squadron. The complements of the submarines are on deck for the ceremony at which command of the squadron changed hands. The submarines are, from left, *Tunny*, *Cusk*, *Carbonero*, *Tilefish*, *Spinax*, *Rock*, *Remora*, *Catfish* and *Volador*.**

**THE FIRST WOMAN TO BE A DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA : Mrs. Alva Myrdal presents her letters of credence as Swedish Minister to India to the Indian President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, at a ceremony in Delhi. Mrs. Myrdal is the wife of the sociologist and economist, Gunnar Myrdal.**

*On right—*

**SOVIET ARCHITECTS IN THE KREMLIN —A COMMUNIST PARTY LEADER TAKES CHARGE : Mr. A. B. Aristov, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, addressing the second U.S.S.R. Congress of Soviet Architects in the Kremlin Palace, in Moscow.** The presence at the Congress of members of the Soviet Presidium emphasised the importance attached by the Soviet Government to the architects. In the left-hand section at the back are Marshal Voroshilov, the President ; Mr. Molotov, the Foreign Minister ; and Mr. Mikoyan, a Deputy Premier. At the long table in front of them, second from the left, is Mr. A. V. Vlasov, formerly Moscow's chief architect, who was dismissed last month and escorted to Moscow from America.

*On left—*

**WELSH MOUNTAINEERS IN CONTACT WITH THE CHINESE IN TIBET : Four members of the North Wales expedition to the Himalaya are seen in Delhi, where they were waiting for news of two companions who were believed to have been arrested by Chinese Communist troops when straying over the Tibetan border from Nepal. Seen here are, from left, Mr. Jack Henson, of Nantgwynant ; Mr. G. Dwyer, of Capel Curig ; Mr. H. I. Berkeley, who was the first to return to Delhi, and Mr. Geoffrey Roberts, of Colwyn Bay.** The two members of the expedition who, it is believed, were arrested on the frontier, are Mr. Sidney Wignall and Mr. John Harrup. The Chinese Government in Peking undertook to make inquiries about the climbers. The expedition, whose object was the peak Nalkankar, had to be abandoned.

# SIDELIGHTS ON TOKYO

*The Japanese Capital Has Undergone Much Post-war Reconstruction; but the Visitor Still Sees Many Signs of Traditional Poverty and Squalor*

**DELIVERING A STAPLE FOOD IN THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN: The noodle shop delivery boy, riding his bicycle, balances on his shoulder bowls of noodle soup and trays of dry noodles. The total weight of his load is about 45 lb. *On right*—Outside the shop the boy tests his load to ensure it is properly balanced before he mounts his bicycle. He is an expert. But no Japanese noodle shop would employ a delivery boy unless he could handle at least half this load.**

***On left*—**

**"INTOXICATION FOR FIVE DOLLARS": The sandwich-man carries a model of a girl on his head. The advertisement on its back proclaims that in a night club called "Intoxication" two bottles of beer and a plate of food cost only 5 dollars before 8 p.m. Pinned to the man's back is a notice that the night club requires hostesses.**

***Below*—**

**A FLOURISHING TRADE IN SHOE-SHINING: Under electric-light bulbs the shoe blacks work at night. They are men and women of fifty years of age and over. Their clients are largely students or office workers, with whom they do a thriving business.**

When General MacArthur entered Tokyo in September 1945 he found a city which had been widely devastated. In the last months of the war it had very properly been a frequent target for Allied bombers. In the ten years which have elapsed since the Japanese surrendered much has been done in restoring the capital. New buildings have arisen side by side with the old edifices which escaped war-time damage, and date in some cases even to the days when Tokyo was known as Yedo.

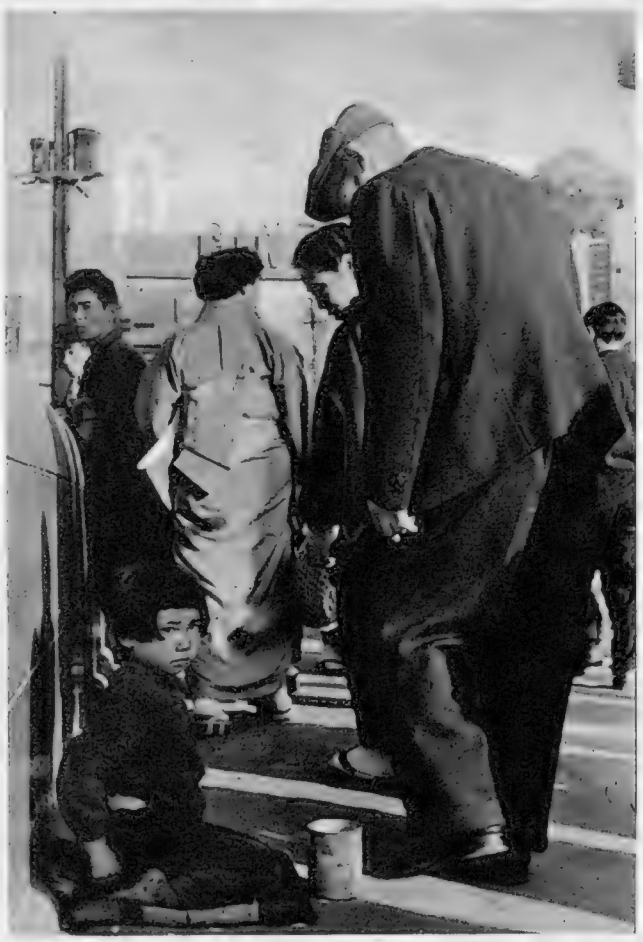
The visitor driving round the streets will find much to attract his eyes. There are grand temples and castles, imposing commercial buildings, art galleries, new colleges and schools and several parks. But it is probably in the life of the citizens around him that he will be most interested.

There are many contrasts between the new and old and between the modern and the traditional. For instance, in the Ginza district—the fashionable area—will be found a number of modern department stores. The goods they offer are comparable with those in similar establishments in cities of the West. They find a ready market among the Japanese. But outside in the streets or on the bridges over rivers are many beggars. Some of them are children, placed by their owners in strategic positions both for soliciting alms and for avoiding the attention of the police.

Asakusa is traditionally the amusement quarter. Entertainment to-day means for many the motion picture. There are twenty cinemas in one street alone. But also through narrow alleys and thoroughfares walk sandwichmen advertising the innumerable night clubs and carrying announcements that girls are wanted to work in them.

Religion still has its part in the life of the citizens. Many temples destroyed during the war have been rebuilt. One large Buddhist shrine has risen again as a result of donations collected over ten years. Outside it passers-by stop to offer a prayer and to drop a coin into the large collecting-boxes which are placed against the walls.

The Imperial Palace remains, but near it is a promenade now renamed the People's Plaza. It is a favourite spot in which visitors have their photographs taken. Also the Japanese girls who walk around there can often be persuaded to pose for a snapshot for the tourist's camera.

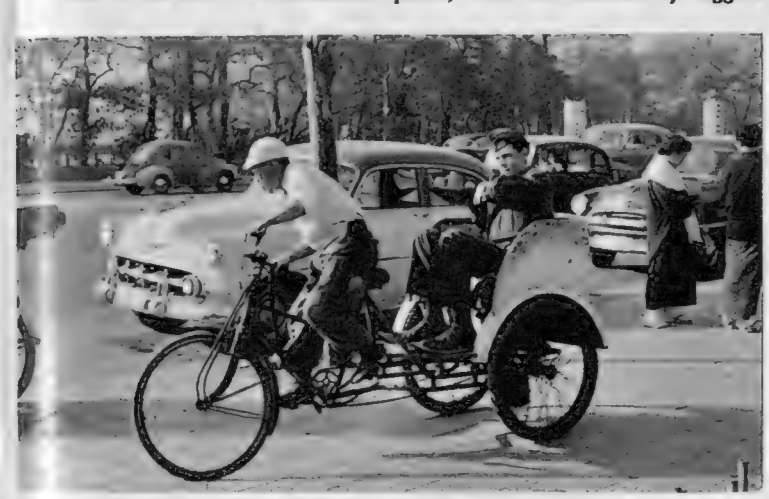


**A CHILD BEGGAR: She sits on the pavement of the Sukiyabashi bridge, off Ginza, which is the main shopping centre of Tokyo. She has been carefully placed in the middle of the bridge—on the no-man's land between two police districts.**

**IN A DEPARTMENT STORE: A Japanese woman squats to look at the jewellery, while the boy on her back sucks his fingers. The big shops in Tokyo offer a wide variety of Western goods and compare favourably with those in Europe and America.**

A VAGRANT IN AN AMUSEMENT PARK : She sits sleeping on a bench in the sunshine and leans on a collection of bags which may well contain all her worldly goods. The scene is in Asakusa. In the background is one of the district's amusement parks, which are haunted by beggars.

PRAYERS AT A REBUILT TEMPLE : The suppliants kneel and stand outside a Buddhist shrine in the Asakusa district of the Japanese capital. Thousands subscribed towards its rebuilding after the war. Their names are inscribed on the boards in the centre background and on the right. The wooden bars in the foreground form the top of a gigantic collection-box.



THE MODERN STYLE OF RICKSHAW : An American soldier sets out on a sightseeing trip in a pedicab. These vehicles are usually to be found only outside the hotels patronised by foreigners. The Japanese themselves prefer to ride in the up-to-date taxicabs which abound in Tokyo.

WEST MEETS EAST ON THE PEOPLE'S PLAZA : Two American soldiers are taking snapshots of a Japanese girl whom they have asked to act as their model. This promenade near the Palace of the Emperor of Japan was given its present name soon after the war.

IN A STREET OF CINEMAS : The Nippon Kan is one of twenty such houses in a 500-yard-long street. In front of the entrance to the theatre a beggar is sitting and receiving alms. The titles of the films have been translated into Japanese. In this language the film *Miss Sadie Thompson* (the left-hand poster) is billed for Japanese audiences as *Passion Wetted By Rain.*

**THE SULTAN SETS OUT FOR HIS FIRST FRIDAY PRAYERS SINCE HIS RESTORATION :** Members of the famous black bodyguard which accompanies the Sultan look round impatiently as Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef sets out from the Imperial Palace in Rabat. On a white charger, he headed for the mosque at which he attended Friday prayers for the first time since his restoration to the Moroccan throne last month. After the initial outbursts of violence which greeted the return of the Sultan to his capital, life has returned to normal. The religious and political differences are being discussed around conference tables and not fought out in the streets.

# MOROCCAN LIFE RETURNS TO NORMAL

*Religious, Diplomatic and Political Activity after the Restoration of the Sultan to his Throne*

**ON A WHITE CHARGER : Sultan Sidi Muhammed ben Yussef, dressed in the traditional white, and riding on a charger of pure white, returns the cheers of his supporters in the streets.**

**DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITY : The Sultan talks to Sayed Abdelmajid Mahmoud (right), the Iraqi Minister of State, who was in Rabat on an official visit. At left is the Resident-General, M. André Dubois.**

**POLITICAL INTEREST IS RENEWED :** The meeting of the Moroccan Nationalist Istiqlal Party in Rabat, the first open gathering of a party that was hitherto banned.

**THE PASHA PAYS A CALL IN PARIS :** El Glaoui, the newly-pardoned Pasha of Marrakesh, leaving the Elysée Palace after calling on the French President, M. Coty.

**THE MIKADO'S SECOND SON RECEIVES THE HOMAGE OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD : Prince Masahito Yoshinomiya, wearing the traditional ceremonial robes of the Japanese court, stares solemnly before him as he receives homage from court officials at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. This was part of the ceremonies which marked the twenty-year-old prince's coming-of-age at the end of last month. *On left*—Prince Yoshi, as he is popularly known, after the ceremony.** This was observed with all the ritual and pomp which Japanese court tradition demands of male members of the Imperial family. After paying homage to his father, the Emperor, and his mother, Prince Yoshi visited the sanctuaries of his ancestors to offer prayers for them. For this occasion the young prince wore robes of an orange-flame colour. Later he received from the Emperor the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum.

*Below*—

**HOMAGE TO THE EMPEROR : Prince Yoshi approaches his father and his mother. On right, wearing European dress, are members of the Imperial family.**

# PRINCE YOSHI COMES OF AGE

*The Traditions of the Mikados are Recalled as the Japanese Emperor's Younger Son Becomes Twenty*

# A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

## By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

**Hiking and Hostels.**—Last month I referred to my hiking experiences in Germany in the early 1930's, and to the excellent youth hostels which I found there. At that time the idea was in its infancy in this country, and literally hundreds of young British people went abroad every year to enjoy cheap walking holidays unobtainable at home. I have now looked up the history of youth hostels in Oliver Coburn's *Youth Hostel Story*, published by the National Council of Social Service, which gives some interesting facts.

It all began, it seems, about fifty years ago, when the need for cheap country holidays first found expression. In Germany it took the form of *Wanderlust*, the urge to roam; a romantic movement of young people known as *Wandervögel*, or Wanderbirds, in rebellion against the conventions of town life and military regimentation. But it was not only a question of cheap holidays. Being German, the movement had to have a philosophy, and this was an odd mixture of the return to the simple life and abbreviated dress, of singing and a study of folk lore, and much else: a generous idea with a touch of whimsy, but at heart sound.

In 1910 Richard Schirrmann, a school teacher, took the first practical step to start hostels. It was already the custom to take schoolchildren on country outings, sometimes for a fortnight at a time, and Schirrmann was looking about for accommodation for his own class. He hit on the idea of *Jugendherbergen*, or Youth Hostels, and opened the first one himself at Burg Altena, in Westphalia. The idea caught on at once and within three years hostels had been set up all over Germany, with a national organisation largely subsidised by public money. After the Great War the movement grew apace, and introduced important features—the appointment of resident wardens, the provision of meals, and the right to refuse admission to anyone who did not walk or cycle.

By 1930 there were over 2,000 hostels open in Germany, and a huge membership including 700 British, of which I was one! Furthermore, despite political tension, politics were barred in the hostels, and it was not until Hitler came to power that the movement became Nazified.

**The Youth Hostels Association.**—In England the start was on similar lines, but lacked uniformity. By 1914 there were several successful organisations devoted to holidays and the enjoyment of the open air—for example, the Holiday Fellowship, Boy Scouts Association, Cyclists Touring Club, and rambling clubs galore; but no hostels proper. After the war these and other movements prospered, some of them providing accommodation. Then, finally, in 1930, nearly all the interested societies got together, and with the help of the National Council of Social Service formed the Youth Hostels Association, under the presidency of Dr. G. M. Trevelyan.

Since that date enormous progress has been made, and there are now more than 180,000 members and some 300 hostels scattered throughout England and Wales. Annual membership and hostelling charges are kept down to a very low figure—you can reckon expenses literally in terms of a few shillings—and the main problem now seems to be to make the accommodation keep pace with the membership.

**Three Hampshire Characters.**—Eccentrics, they say, are dying out. Education, taxation, and the interference of bureaucracy with the rights and wrongs of the individual are steadily ironing out the wrinkles in us all. Be that as it may, we delight more than ever in tales of country character and resource, qualities which are tending to disappear because life is undoubtedly less rugged than it was. Village people are far better off than they were, and that is a real gain, but security is often a dull dog—it doesn't encourage the toughness and individuality displayed by the three old people shown here.

I am indebted to Dr. Samuel Pope, chairman of the Petersfield Society, for the excellent photographs, and to him and Mr. John Broadwood for the following information, about them.

BILL LEMON was a ditcher and custodian of the bunkers on Blackmoor Golf Course for some forty years. He was illiterate, but had an uncanny ability for telling the time of day, and he could also forecast the weather with accuracy. He wholly disapproved of summertime, as he once remarked: "T'ain't right, yer know you. It upsets the weather you. Messing about with the clocks you." For many years he lived with his father and a housekeeper, Charlotte, in a caravan beside the golf course. On his father's death he declared it wasn't "dascent" to continue the *ménage* unless he and Charlotte got married. This was arranged. The whole village turned up at Blackmoor Church, but Bill was so alarmed at the concourse that he darted down the stokehole steps and refused to come out. Charlotte ranted and expostulated: "Wait till I get him home to-night,"; but the ceremony had to be postponed till next day.

When Charlotte died, he bought himself a bungalow, and lived there by candlelight, since he had tarred the windows on the inside to prevent the children of the neighbourhood looking in and teasing him. The final episode was his accidentally setting the place on fire, an event which he blamed on a monkey which, he said, had come down the chimney. In someone's presence he seized and slew his cat as evidence of this illusion.

JIM DEWEY was once landlord of the Prince of Wales Inn at Whitehill, Bordon, and later tenant farmer to the second Lord Selborne at Albury Farm, Blackmoor. His gnarled hands bore testimony to his prowess at ringing bulls and horse breaking, at which he was quite fearless. He had a faithful mare which took him to Petersfield Market, some eight miles distant, in a high, two-wheeled dogcart, and never failed to bring him safely home at night, fast asleep, with the reins dangling loose. He had no use for motors. As he said: "They moty-cars ain't no good; they don't leave nothing in the stable."

One day the late Timothy White, founder of the well-known firm of chemists, sought his help in choosing a horse and trap. This was duly done, and Dewey was asked to drive them both back to Whitehill in the new conveyance. After a day in the market, the horse was so fresh that Mr. White became alarmed and exclaimed: "Dewey. I'd give a thousand pounds to be out of this.". To which Dewey replied: "Give me the thousand, sur, and I'll soon have you out!"

On another occasion, when Lord Selborne visited his farm and enquired after its progress, he is reported to have said: "What we wants, milord, is sun all day, rain all night, and a shower of muck once a week, and then we could grow anything." Only he used a stronger word than muck!

I have left to last MRS. BEARD, whose redoubtable appearance makes her the most striking of the three, although in character she was perhaps less admirable. Her husband was a sergeant-major in the Military Police, and his charger's tail was a precious possession which she always wore to augment her coiffure. They lived in the Hogmoor Road, Bordon, in comparative style, and owned an old decrepit lorry with which they carried on a trade of cartage. Mrs. Beard was always reputed to be well-off, and to keep her money under her bed. She attended Petersfield Market for many years, but only as a buyer.

All three characters died comparatively recently, and ended their days as neighbours in the Hogmoor Road.

**THREE TWENTIETH-CENTURY ECCENTRICS FROM HAMPSHIRE: All died recently. Each maintained a rugged individuality. *Left*—Jim Dewey, at the age of eighty-four, had been an innkeeper and farmer. His method of transport was the horse. He had no use for motors. *Centre*—Mrs. Beard, who lived in Bordon, was reputed to keep her considerable wealth under her bed. *Right*—Bill Lemon, a ditcher and custodian of the bunkers on Blackmoor Golf Course, was illiterate. But he was an uncanny weather prophet. During their last days all three were neighbours in Bordon.**

**Christmas on the Farm.**—The countryside, I think, captures more of the glamour of Christmas than the town. After all, Christ was born in a village, and there is something infinitely moving in the simple relevance of a rural Christmas. We can all think of a different scene; but I think of a small Norman church, in a drab setting of grey-green winter fields, its immemorial dignity enhanced by the sight and sound of a neighbouring farmyard; and I think, too, of the bells "stealing out" over the countryside, questioning and answering each other from one parish to the next. Indeed, when the wind is in the right quarter, you can stand out on a hill and hear a sweet jangle from as many as three towers at once.

But, of course, the entire festival of Christmas is often rather a trial to the working farmer. Huge meals have to be prepared and eaten, presents opened and children amused, church attended and guests entertained, on top of all the ordinary work of the farm, which has to be done. By the end of Boxing Day the prospect of familiar routine is most welcome.

The lack and cost of labour, an ever-present and growing problem, particularly for small farmers, becomes a stark reality in public holiday-time. Fortunately, few farmworkers, especially stockmen, think of the job purely in terms of seven to five. A cow waiting to calve pays extraordinarily little attention to office hours, and in moments of crisis no true countryman will ever fail, whatever the hour or circumstances. You can't have restrictive practices where life is concerned. The farm must come first.

**TWO OF THE 300 YOUTH HOSTELS IN BRITAIN: *Above*—Deeside House is in Dentdale, in Yorkshire. *Right*—Esthwaite Lodge, near Hawkshead, is a Lakeland Youth Hostel and has a magnificent view over Esthwaite Water. There are 180,000 members of the Youth Hostels Association.**

AMID THE PRICELESS TREASURES OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE: A monk at prayer in the Church of the Transfiguration in the monastery below the peak on Sinai which is reputed to be the scene of the Law-giving to Moses. Some of the greatest and most priceless treasures of Byzantine art are to be found in this monastery church, many of which date back to the sixth century.

THEY SHARE THE DESERT WITH THE MONKS: At five o'clock in the morning Beduin camel-drivers, accompanying pilgrims to the monastery, wait around a small fire. This part of the inhospitable Sinai Desert is inhabited only by eleven monks and about fifty Beduins.

# THE MOUNT OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

*Mount Catherine, in the Sinai Range, and the Ancient Monastery with its Byzantine Treasures*

Until a few years ago a visit to the Sinai mountain range in the desert that joins Egypt with Israel was a monumental enterprise not lightly embarked upon. To travel many miles across the desert, and then to be confronted with the inhospitable wilderness which caused the children of Israel to make lamentation and to yearn for the fleshpots of Egypt, required considerable will-power. Nevertheless, there were many who undertook these journeys to the mount of the Ten Commandments long before it became the comparatively agreeable trip by car which Max Scheler, the photographer of the pictures reproduced on these pages, made.

The relics that the visitor to Mount Catherine finds to-day date from the earliest years of the Christian era. On Mount Horeb, one of the two peaks of Catherine, are very old buildings, one of which became a Christian chapel and one a Muhammadan place of worship.

Below the Mountain of Moses, the other peak, on which the Ten Commandments were said to have been given, stands the

(*Continued on following page*)

TOURISM COMES TO SINAI: Father Pachmios, from the monastery, shows visitors the exact spot at which he believes God appeared to Moses on the mountain. Only in recent years has Mount Catherine become a great tourist attraction.

WHERE ONCE THE TRIBES OF ISRAEL WANDERED: A motor-car takes pilgrims away from the monastery along the dusty desert track which is marked by white stones. These were left last year by an American film company on location.

# THE MOUNT OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

(*Continued from previous page*)

St. Catherine Monastery, inhabited at present by no more than eleven Greek Orthodox monks. It was founded by the pious Emperor Justinian and his wife Theodora in A.D. 527, and was erected on the site of a small church built by the Empress Helena more than 200 years before. The buildings are said to be over the spot at which God first manifested himself to Moses—the burning bush. To this day tourists obey the command: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

It is because of its situation that this monastery has flourished in an otherwise barren and desolate land. When seen from a neighbouring mountainside the monastery resembles a small town. There are many buildings, several courts and storehouses, the fabulous church and chapel, and a mosque complete with minaret. This last, a remarkable object in a Christian monastery, is said to have been built by the Prophet Muhammad, who also gave the monks a letter of protection, which is still shown. The mountain is visited and highly venerated by Muhammadans, and the monks live in great amity with the Beduin camel drivers who live around them, and who number about fifty to-day.

This letter of protection is one of the reasons for the continued existence of the monastery in a region notorious for its wild and savage inhabitants. Another is the protection which the monastery has from its walls. It is built like a fort, and until a few years ago the only entrance into the monastery was through a kind of trap-door, which was reached by a primitive form of lift. The opening of the monastery gates which civilisation has made possible has also enabled visitors to see the treasures stored in the monastery.

**ONE OF THE PRECIOUS ICONS IN THE CHAPEL OF THE BURNING BUSH: "Be fruitful and multiply" is the theme of this icon, one of the many precious examples of early Christian art in the Chapel of the Burning Bush, situated behind the altar of the monastery's church.**

**UNTIL RECENTLY THE ONLY WAY IN TO THE MONASTERY: Wood is lifted up the fortified walls by the ancient lift which, until a few years ago, was the only means of access into the monastery.**

A hundred years ago a visitor to St. Catherine's was greeted with great hospitality, but attempts to see the treasures of the church were met with evasiveness. It may be that the monks of that day were remembering a little bitterly the result of letting a visitor's enthusiasm carry them away. For in 1829 there came to the monastery the Russian historian Tischendorf, who was fascinated to see one of the oldest and most complete versions of the Bible, now known as the Codex Sinaiticus. Tischendorf borrowed the codex to make a copy of it, but somehow it failed to find its way back to the monastery. To-day it reposes in the British Museum.

The church, like others of the Greek Orthodox community, contains a richly ornamented gilded screen, and pictures and icons of the saints of the Greek calendar. Not surprisingly, Moses and Aaron and the story of the Law-giving are prominently illustrated.

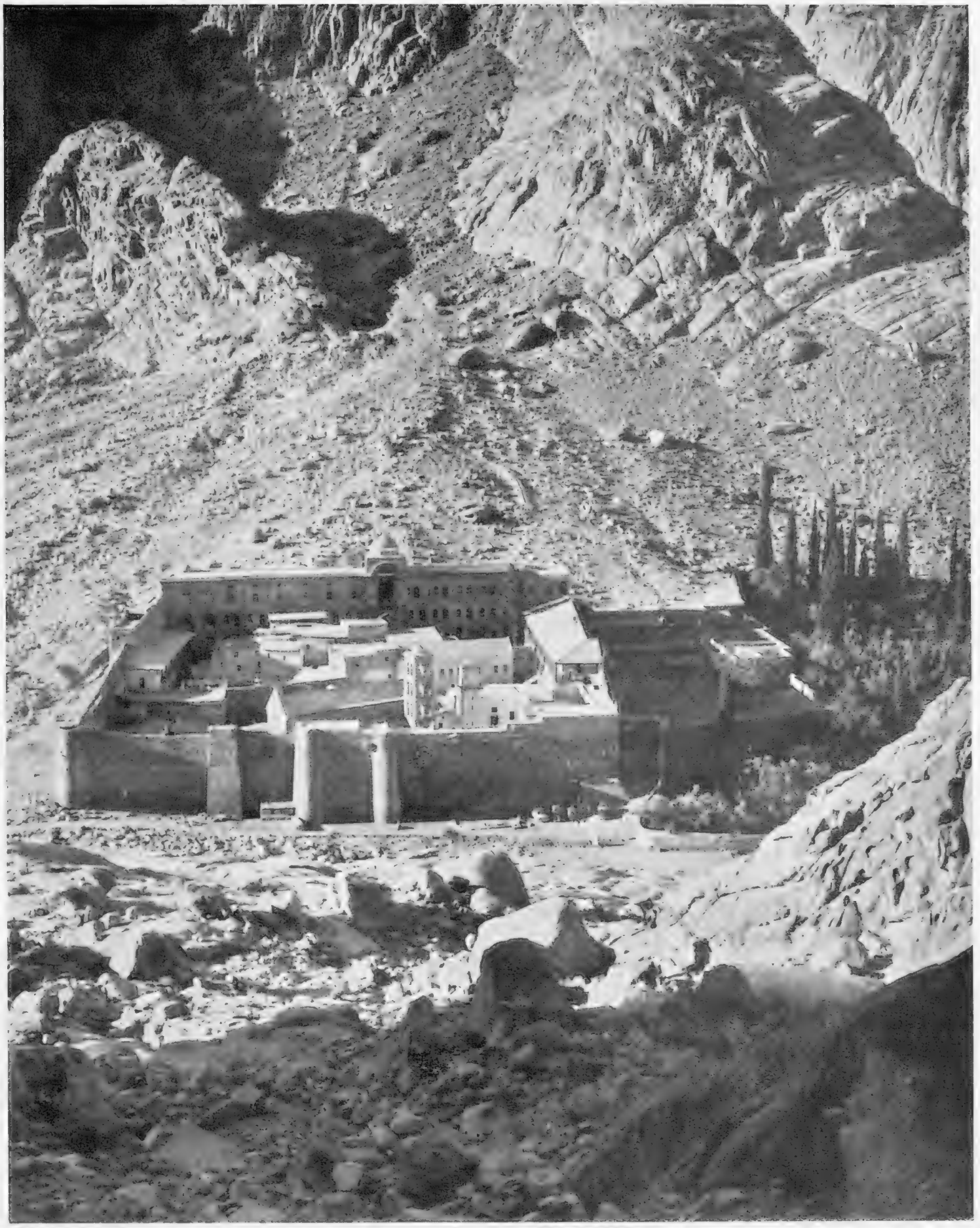
The floor of the church is of marble, and the altar is inlaid with ebony and mother-of-pearl in the most elaborate designs, as well as decorated with the paintings of Byzantine artists. Yet the riches of this altar sink into insignificance when compared with those of the chapel behind it, on the spot on which it is believed Moses saw the burning bush. Here have been accumulated the gifts and offerings of emperors, kings and princes from the day of the monastery's foundation.

It is these gifts, in fact, and the wealth of this obscure monastery, that is the greatest tribute to Mount St. Catherine. Learned students of the Bible dispute as to the precise spot at which the children of Israel halted in their wandering from Egypt, and at which God revealed himself to their leader. But the Christian—and, later, Muhammadan—potentates of a bygone age seemed to have been in no doubt. Nor are the pilgrims of to-day

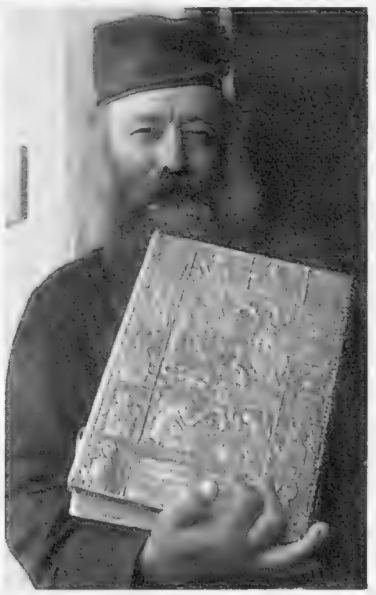
THE DESERTS OF ANTIQUITY: The jagged pinnacles of the Sinai mountain range constitute to-day the same wilderness as that 3,500 years ago. Here the children of Israel wandered for forty years in search of the Promised Land. Its fortress walls and a letter of protection from the Prophet Muhammad account for this.

*On right—*

A DESERT PHENOMENON—THE SIXTH-CENTURY MONASTERY: At the foot of the Mount of Moses stands the Monastery of St. Catherine. It is one of the phenomena of the Sinai Desert that this monastery should have remained unmolested for more than 1,400 years in a region notorious for the wildness of its native inhabitants.



A RECORD OF 1,400 YEARS OF LIFE AND DEATH IN THE MONASTERY: In the charnel-house at St. Catherine monks survey the skulls and bones of more than 1,000 of their predecessors, carefully stored. Most of the monks come from Greece.



ST. CATHERINE MONASTERY—ANCIENT AND MODERN: *On left*—A monk holds up the most valuable copy of the Bible now in the possession of the monastery. *On right*—The electrical gear left behind by an American film company last year.

# PATROLLING AND CHARTING THE ARCTIC

*The Canadian Navy's New Ice-breaker Navigates the Arctic in Safety and Comfort*

By LIEUT. T. A. IRVINE, R.C.N.

HER MAJESTY'S Canadian Ship *Labrador* represents a new era in Arctic exploration. With Arctic patrol vessels, which are also ice-breakers, of this kind, the Polar ocean is no longer the navigator's nightmare it used to be in the days when sailing and low-powered steam ships were at the mercy of wind, tide and ice.

In less than a year and a half *Labrador* has shown remarkable abilities. She is the first naval vessel to navigate the fearsome North-West Passage, and she is also playing a vital part in the construction of D.E.W., the Distant Early Warning Line of radar stations, which will eventually stretch from Alaska to Greenland.

The largest naval ship built in Canada, *Labrador* was commissioned from her builders, Marine Industries Ltd., at Sorel, Quebec, in July 1954. Her length of 269 ft. is deceptive. Her beam of 63 ft. is substantial, however, and when fully ballasted for ice-breaking the ship displaces 6,000 tons at a mean draft of 27 ft.

The all-welded hull of $1\frac{5}{8}$-ins. high-tensile steel plating can also withstand tremendous crushing from pack-ice under pressure, and heeling tanks are incorporated to extricate the ship if such an occasion arises. In order to reduce the violent rolling in a seaway to which this type of ship is prone, a Denny Brown stabiliser is installed.

The ship is twin screw and the main propulsion is diesel-electric—power being supplied to two Canadian-Westinghouse motors from six 2,000-h.p. Fairbanks-Morse Diesel generators located in three separate engine-rooms. Safety devices are installed in the motor-rooms to shut off power should a propeller become jammed with ice and danger threaten the propeller blades and motor. Her fuel capacity permits the ice-breaker to operate for extended periods far from fuelling bases, and in 1954 she circumnavigated the North American continent without refuelling. She is fitted with the most up-to-date radar equipment to facilitate Arctic navigation, and three helicopters are carried for ice reconnaisance and general scientific purposes. Three fully-equipped sounding boats are available for inshore surveying operations.

The ship normally carries a complement of twenty-two officers, twelve civilian scientists from various Government departments, and 220 other members of the ship's company. Bunks are provided for all personnel and the vessel is fully insulated throughout. The scientists form an integral part of the complement and naval personnel assist in all phases of the scientific work. Laboratory and office space is adequate, but is always at a premium in a ship where stores and spare parts must be carried in sufficient quantities to allow for an independent existence for periods of up to six months.

Nansen once noted—"The success of a Polar expedition principally depends upon the preparations which are made before the expedition starts out." This basic rule certainly applies to *Labrador*. Lack of spares can be serious in a ship operating far from supply points and dockyard facilities. As liberty ports are non-existent in the Arctic, hobbies and other recreational relaxations assume considerable importance in an ice-breaker.

In 1954 the ship sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on July 23, and initially carried out hydrographic survey work in the Lancaster Sound area. Thereafter she proceeded to Alexandra Fiord, on Ellesmere Island, to resupply Canada's farthest-north Royal Canadian Mounted Police post (79 deg. N.). In August, the ship was back in Lancaster Sound continuing with hydrographic and oceanographic surveys.

A passage was forced to the westward, through Barrow Strait and Viscount Melville Sound, and on August 25, *Labrador* met the U.S. Navy ice-breaker *Burton Island* at Melville Island. This was the first occasion upon which two naval vessels had met from east and west across the Arctic route. By completing her transit of the North-West Passage via Prince of Wales Strait, and subsequently reaching Esquimalt, British Columbia, on September 27, *Labrador* became the first naval vessel to navigate The Passage. She returned to Halifax via the Panama Canal.

She again sailed for the Arctic in June this year and has engaged on the installation of the Arctic radar chain—the Distant Early Warning Line (D.E.W.). In this large sea-lift operation, Captain Robertson had under his command twenty-one U.S. ships and was responsible for the safe delivery of thousands of tons of cargo to sites in Arctic waters.

Reliable charts were literally non-existent and extensive route and beach surveys were carried out by *Labrador* prior to the arrival of the cargo and transport ships. Much new experience was gained in ship-handling in ice, in escorting merchant ships through pack-ice, and in the effectiveness of explosives in opening leads. Underwater swimmers were employed with success in demolition work—clearing out obstructions at the various landing beaches. Novel methods of air-lifting had, of necessity, to be attempted.

*Labrador*, with all her modern amenities, is a far cry from the Arctic explorer's life of a hundred years ago, but this type of vessel does make unusual demands upon personnel. Constant watchkeeping, above and below decks, is essential in uncharted waters and there is a heavy strain on maintenance parties to keep all equipment at peak efficiency while the ship is at sea for months on end.

In September 1954, at Esquimalt, *Labrador* met the R.C.M.P. patrol vessel *St. Roch* and it seemed incredible that this small 80-ton wooden ship had navigated the North-West Passage both ways—from west to east between 1940–42, and from east to west in 1944. With the advent of the modern ice-breaker, Arctic scientific programmes can be carried out along well-planned lines and in reasonable comfort. Economic and scientific research in Canada is forever expanding farther north, and in a ship such as *Labrador* many previously inaccessible areas can now be reached by sea.

The value of this type of naval vessel to Canada, with its Arctic coastline to defend, is obvious, and the many unorthodox aspects of operating a naval unit in Arctic waters have provided valuable experience to Canada's growing Navy.

**H.M.C.S. "LABRADOR" ABOUT HER DUTIES: The Arctic patrol vessel of 6,000 tons lies in the Arctic ice. She is the largest naval ship built in Canada.**

**ON THE D.E.W. LINE: Underwater swimmers from *Labrador* clear a landing beach for one of the ships (seen behind) which the patrol vessel led through the ice with equipment for the construction of radar-warning stations in the Arctic.**

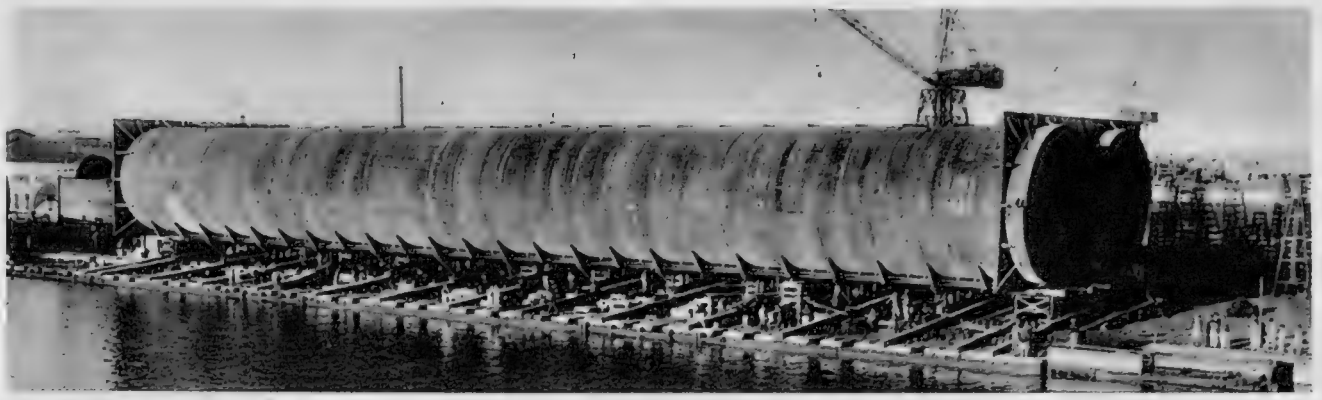
**DIVINE SERVICE: Above the ice some of the ship's company attend a service. On right at the desk is the Captain of *Labrador*, Captain O. C. S. Robertson, G.M., R.C.N.**

**A POLAR BEAR'S TERRITORY IS INVADED: This picture of a watchful bear was taken from H.M.C.S. *Labrador* as she was making her way through the ice.**

**AN ARCTIC AIRLIFT: A helicopter lifting material for a radar post in the Distant Early Warning Line rises from the ship's flight-deck. The patrol vessel carries three of these Piasecki helicopters.**

# FEATS OF ENGINEERING

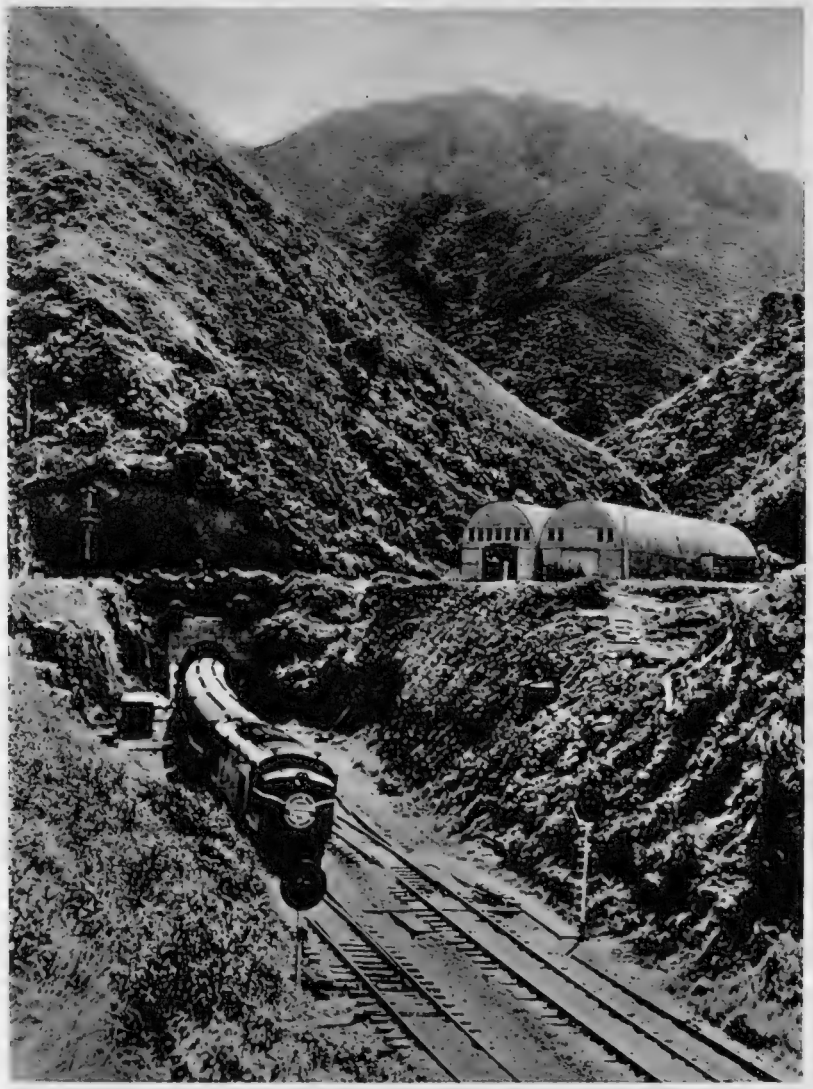
*Tunnels below Land and Sea, and a Giant Bridge and Dock have been Constructed in America and New Zealand*



**A ROAD IS LAUNCHED—THE BALTIMORE HARBOUR TUNNEL TAKES TO THE WATER:** *Above*—The first 300-ft. section of cylindrical steel double-tubing stands on the ways of the Maryland Shipbuilding and Drydock Company ready for launching. *On right*—The section hits the water of Baltimore Harbour with a splash after being launched sideways. This is the first section of a tunnel which is being built below the River Patapsco. This will enable road traffic to cross the river without impeding shipping in the American Atlantic coast harbour. There will be two-lane traffic both ways, each of the tubes being wide enough to carry two roadways.

**A PIER TO ACCOMMODATE TWENTY-FOUR DESTROYERS:** This new pier at the United States Navy's base at Newport, Virginia, is 1,350 ft. long. Built at a cost of £1,714,000, the pier is able to accommodate twenty-four destroyers and two tenders. The harbour was dredged to a depth of 35 ft.

**THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN TWO AMERICAN STATES IS PLACED INTO POSITION:** The first link, a steel member 30 ft. long and weighing 16 tons, is hoisted into position between Edgely, Pennsylvania, and Florence, New Jersey, from a barge on the Delaware River. The hoisting of this link marked the beginning of the last stage in the construction of the Delaware River Turnpike Bridge, which joins Pennsylvania and New Jersey across the river. The two sections of the bridge had been erected simultaneously from both sides of the Delaware. The top of the bridge to which this first link was hoisted is about 230 ft. above the water. The highest point of the bridge is 270 ft. above high water, and the roadway itself will be 135 ft. above the ship canal. Traffic moving along the 6,571 ft. of the bridge will have six lanes available to it. When the bridge becomes ready for traffic early next summer it will become part of an almost unbroken chain of parkways and turnpikes across nearly 1,000 miles of the United States between New England, on the north-east, and Indiana.



*On left*—
**THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN NEW ZEALAND IS INAUGURATED:** An English Electric 1,500-h.p. Diesel engine emerges at the head of the first official train through the Rimutaka Tunnel, in New Zealand's North Island. The tunnel stretches 5¼ miles from Featherston, a town 35 miles north-east of Wellington. It thus becomes the longest tunnel in New Zealand, beating the record held by the Otira Tunnel, in the South Island. The construction of the tunnel, which cost over £4,000,000, has eliminated the steep gradient of 1 in 15, at Rimutaka.

# THE MOSCOW "HAMLET"

*London Sees the Company which Recently Played in the Soviet Capital*

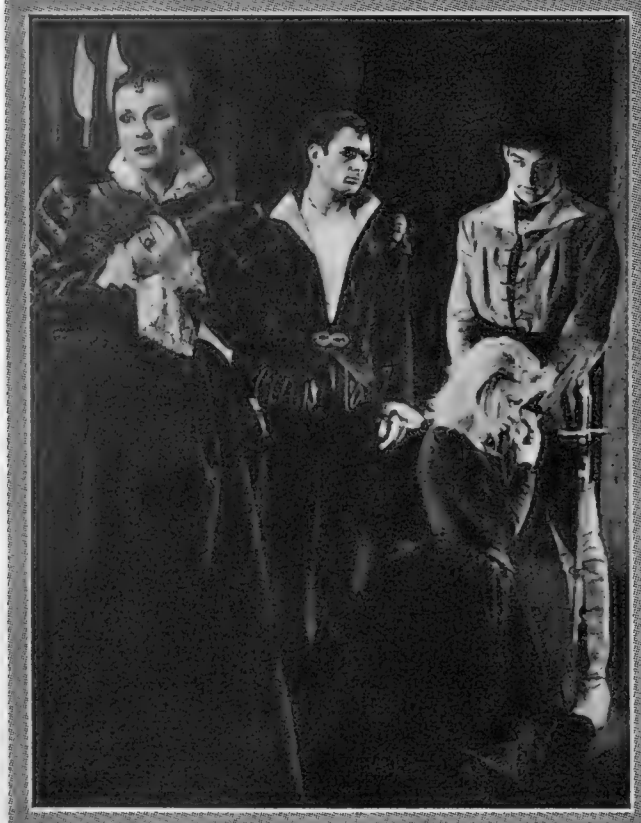
The production of *Hamlet* by the British company at the Arts Theatre, in Moscow, three weeks ago was the first performance of the tragedy performed by British players in Russia since the Revolution. The play was enthusiastically received and now London has the opportunity of deciding whether the judgment of the Moscow audiences was justified. *Hamlet*, with the same cast and in its identical form, is at the Phœnix Theatre.

In the Soviet capital the newspaper *Pravda* probably echoed the opinion of many Russian critics in praising the play for the speed of Mr. Brook's production. Paul Scofield as the Prince was highly approved. He presented him, according to Soviet opinion, as a dynamic, positive personality. Both London and Moscow are united in applauding Alec Clunes as Claudius, and another outstanding performance is that of Ernest Thesiger as Polonius.

**THE COMPANY WHICH GAVE TWELVE PERFORMANCES IN MOSCOW:** In this scene in the Second Act of *Hamlet* are, from the left: Laertes (Richard Johnson); Claudius (Alec Clunes); Hamlet (Paul Scofield); Gertrude (Diana Wynyard) and Horatio (Michael David). The play opened at the Phœnix Theatre, in London, last week with the cast, directed by Peter Brook, recently seen in Moscow.

*On left—*
**"ALAS, POOR YORICK":** The Prince holds the skull in the Gravediggers' scene: "Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft."

**"DEAD FOR A DUCAT":** *Left*—Polonius (Ernest Thesiger) falls from behind the arras while Hamlet stands with the sword which has killed him and Gertrude bewails the deed. *Right*—Ophelia (Mary Ure) is instructed by Polonius so that he can spy on Hamlet.



**THE MAD OPHELIA:** From left, Gertrude (Diana Wynyard); Horatio (Michael David); Laertes (Richard Johnson) and Ophelia (Mary Ure) are in this scene of madness.

**A MISSION FOR THE COURTIERS:** Gertrude (sitting, right), with Claudius standing behind her charges Rosencrantz (Gerald Flood, kneeling, left) and Guildenstern (David de Keyser, also kneeling) to cultivate Hamlet and report to her. Costume and scenery are designed by Georges Wakhevich.

# PRINCESS MARGARET SEES THE NEW FASHIONS

*With the Queen Mother she Attends the Dress Show Organised by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers.*

**THE PRINCESS WATCHES THE FASHION PARADE:** She is in conversation with Mr. John Cavanagh, one of the designers, who included in his creations at the show a pink silk Duchesse satin dress embroidered with silver and rhinestones.

*On left—*

**BON VOYAGE TO A MODEL:** The Princess wishing farewell to Dolores, Hartnell's chief model, who is going to South Africa to open a school for models.

**PRINCESS MARGARET GOES TO A FASHION SHOW TO SEE A PREVIEW OF SPRING FASHION TRENDS:** She is arriving at Hamilton House, Piccadilly, to attend with the Queen Mother a private dress show organised by British fabric manufacturers and the twelve members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. Hamilton House is the headquarters of the British Man-Made Fibres Federation. The Royal visitors were met by Lady Pamela Berry, president of the Society; Mr. Norman Hartnell, chairman, and Mr. A. J. C. Walters, director of British Man-Made Fibres.

**PROGRAMMES FOR THE ROYAL VISITORS:** Princess Margaret is receiving hers from Lady Pamela Berry. For the visit to the Dress Show the Queen Mother wore a dress of dark green shot taffeta, with matching draped velvet beret and silver fox. Princess Margaret wore a blue velvet coat with a lighter blue fur toque to match her dress.

**AFTER THE DRESS SHOW A COCKTAIL PARTY:** The Princess passes members of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, as she arrives at the Corps' headquarters' mess in Westminster, to attend a reception. She is accompanied by Dame Helen Gillespie, Director of the Corps.

# CHANGING THE FACE OF LONDON

*A School Completed; Buildings in the Course of Erection; and a Model of a New Plan*

*On left—*

**THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S FIRST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL FOR BOYS : The term is nearing its end for the 1,250 boys in Holloway School, Islington, some of the buildings of which are seen here. Opened in September last, it is not only the first of its kind in London but also one of the two comprehensive schools which have so far been built round grammar schools. The new blocks adjoin the original Holloway School buildings, which were begun in 1907.** The additions are estimated to have cost £271,000. Designed by Dr. D. L. Martin, the architect to the London County Council, they include classrooms, art rooms, laboratories (with a greenhouse), engineering workshops and an Assembly Hall constructed of reinforced concrete.

*On left—*

**A GLIMPSE OF THE GLASS AGE:** A model of how the Soho district of London might be changed in a revolutionary manner has been designed by architects and engineers who have formed a Glass Age Development Committee. Theatres and shops would be along the surrounding streets, such as Shaftesbury Avenue (foreground) and Charing Cross Road (right). An open square would be established round the ruins of St. Anne's Church (centre foreground). But all the streets within Soho would become glassed-over arcades. They would be reached by the entrances on the surrounding streets and be for pedestrians only. On top of the glass a most ingenious systems of canals is suggested, to intersect gardens, tennis courts and pleasure centres. The six blocks of three-pointed flats would each accommodate 1,500 persons. On top of them are helicopter garages. Beneath the whole area would be underground car parks, entered by the slopes going down from Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road.

**PROGRESS IN THE REGENT'S PARK REDEVELOPMENT AREA : A block of flats nears completion above the children's playground in Cumberland Market. In the background is Christ Church, Albany Street. The Borough Council of St. Pancras is responsible for this housing scheme, which was visited early this month by the Duke of Edinburgh.**

**THE ESTATE NEAR REGENT'S PARK WILL EVENTUALLY PROVIDE which lies between Albany Street and Hampstead Road work is being done in sections. The blocks of flats vary**

NEW BUILDINGS ROUND ST. PAUL'S : Gateway House (running from the right to the centre) faces on the beginning of Cannon Street and is nearly completed. It will be a block for offices. Between Gateway House and the East End of the Cathedral is the tower of the bomb-damaged Church of St. Augustine, which is eventually to be incorporated in new buildings here for St. Paul's Choir School. Below St. Augustine's is St. Paul's Garden, the City of London's contribution to the Festival of Britain in 1951.

HOMES FOR 1,700 FAMILIES IN A SELF-CONTAINED COMMUNITY : These flats, some completed and others still under construction, are only some of those in the redevelopment area St. Pancras. It is about 32 acres in extent. Already more than 400 families have moved in. When the scheme is completed, it will house 1,700 families. The constructional size. It is also planned to include a shopping centre and other amenities so that the area will be more a self-contained section of London than just a housing estate.

# NEWS FROM HOME

*Pictures of Recent Events in London and Yorkshire*

**A FIRE AT THE ADMIRALTY, IN WHITEHALL : Firemen are still on the roof as dawn comes after one of the most spectacular fires seen in the West End of London for some years. At about 1.30 a.m. a police car patrolling Whitehall noticed flames shooting out of the roof of the part of the Admiralty known as the Old Building. Twenty fire-engines soon arrived and a network of hoses covered Whitehall. Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Mountbatten, the First Sea Lord, and Lady Mountbatten watched the battle against the fire.** The flames leapt high, but as soon as it was possible firemen crawled across the roof in their efforts to extinguish the blaze. The buildings damaged were under reconstruction and therefore no great harm was done. The seat of the fire was immediately above the ground-floor room where the body of Nelson rested after it was brought back from Trafalgar.

**FURNITURE PRESERVED FROM DAMAGE : The water has been poured into some of the rooms affected by the fire in the Admiralty. But fortunately, owing to the reconstruction being done in this section, much of the furniture was covered in canvas and remained undamaged. In the niche behind is a statue of Nelson.**

**A HELIPORT IN NORTH LONDON : A Bell helicopter lands on a mobile transporter unit at the new helicopter airport at Willesden. The aircraft had taken off from the air terminal on the South Bank of the Thames a few minutes previously.** At Willesden the Mayor and other members of the Council were taken up for short flights. The heliport is by the North Circular Road. Bell commercial helicopters are made by the Bell Aircraft Corporation of America and are used for a wide variety of tasks, including carrying mail, spraying agricultural crops and making geophysical surveys.

**CONSIDERING THE USES OF COMMON LAND : The Royal Commission on Common Land holds its first meeting in London. Sitting in the centre background is the chairman, Sir Ivor Jennings, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The Commission is to recommend what changes may be desirable in the law relating to Common Land with a view to promoting the benefit of those holding it by right and the enjoyment of it by the public. Attention is also to be given to the employment for desirable purposes of such lands of which little or no use is made at present.**

**AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW : Cattle are paraded in one of the rings in the Annual Show, which was held at the Earl's Court Stadium, London, last week. The premier award was made to the Aberdeen-Angus heifer, Even Girl 3rd of Cobairdy, entered by a retired Army officer, Major J. B. Gordon-Duff, of Huntly, Aberdeenshire.**

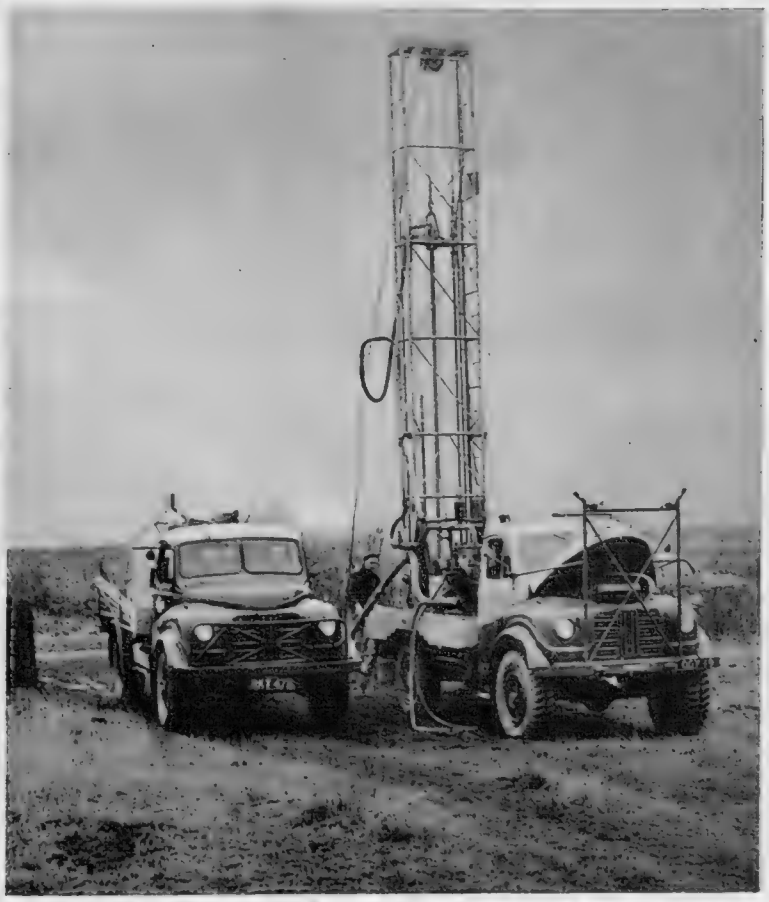
**OXFORD WIN THE UNIVERSITY RUGBY MATCH AT TWICKENHAM : An exciting moment near the Dark Blue line as Mulligan, the Cambridge scrum-half, passes the ball to his speedy right wing, Smith.** Covering this attack are, at left, the Oxford front row men Watson and Allaway (the captain), the brilliant Welsh scrum-half, Brace, centre, and, the left-wing Allison. Oxford beat Cambridge at Twickenham by two tries and one penalty goal (9 points) to one goal (5 points) in one of the best matches for many years.

**CAMBRIDGE WIN THE UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH AT WEMBLEY : Pretlove, the Cambridge outside-right and captain, shoots low to beat Wakefield in the Oxford goal for Cambridge's second score of the afternoon.** Cambridge avenged the defeat of their Rugby players on the previous afternoon by soundly defeating what was regarded as one of the strongest Oxford sides for several seasons. They won by four goals to two, leading from the twelfth minute onwards, when a substitute, Steward, scored.

**THE FLAGSHIP OF THE HOME FLEET VISITS LONDON : The fast minelayer H.M.S. *Apollo* passes Gravesend on her way up the Thames Estuary to London. She made this visit last week, having completed her autumn exercise and cruise programme. She wore the flag of Admiral Sir Michael Denny, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., as she did on her previous visit to London a year ago.** But this year's was one of the last occasions on which Admiral Denny's flag was flown. He is being succeeded this month, as Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, by Vice-Admiral Sir John Eccles, K.C.B.

**HIS LAST COMMAND : The retiring Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, takes his bearings at night from the bridge of H.M.S. *Apollo*, on her way up the Thames. Admiral Sir Michael Denny was a midshipman in 1914.**

**AN EXHIBITION OF PORTRAIT SCULPTURE : Some of the 170 exhibits are seen at the Third Annual Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Sculptors at the Imperial Institute Art Gallery, in South Kensington, which is open until the end of the month. Among those exhibiting are Mr. Charles Wheeler, C.B.E., R.A., the President, and Sir Jacob Epstein, who is an Honorary Member. The Society aims at restoring portrait sculpture to the place it held in the past.**



**DRILLING FOR NATURAL GAS IN YORKSHIRE : A portable derrick is brought into position at Snainton, near Scarborough. It will handle boring bars and other equipment needed for making test bores to a depth of 60 ft. This is one of the many tests being carried out in an area of Yorkshire where drilling operations for natural gas are soon to begin.**

# THE DAY OF RESIGNATION

*Mr. Attlee Announces his Retirement from the Leadership of the Labour Party and Accepts an Earldom*

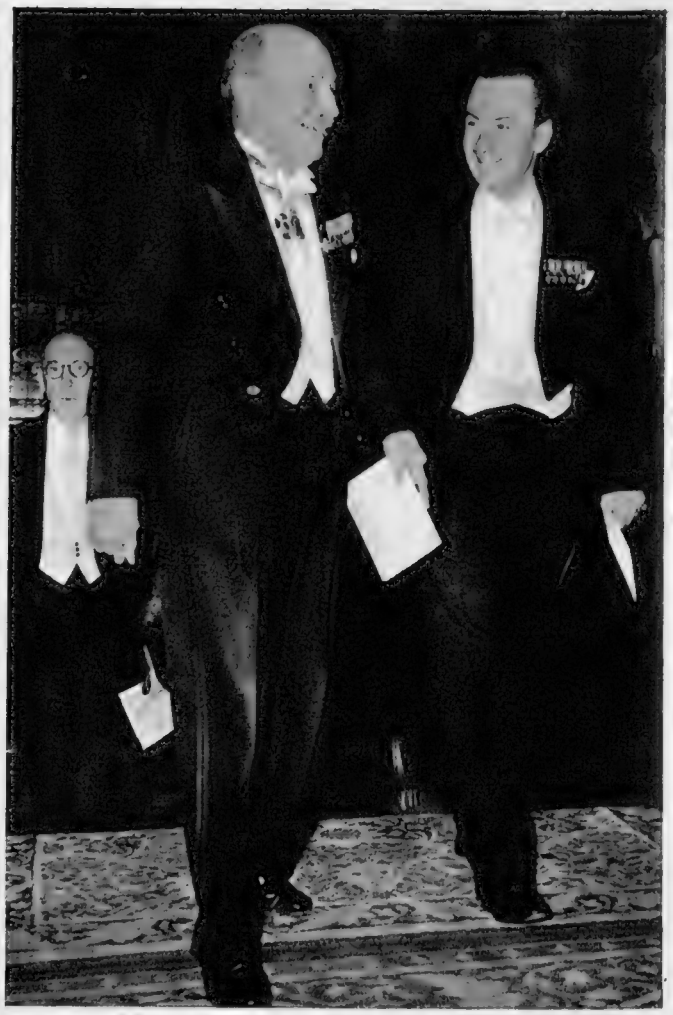
**THE LAST JOURNEY AS LABOUR'S LEADER : Mr. C. R. Attlee waits on an Underground station on his way to the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party, at which he resigned the Leadership.**

**A PROPHETIC PICTURE : Through the "Exit Only" gate Mr. Attlee emerges from Westminster Station on his last day as an M.P. But by accepting an earldom he still has a voice in Parliament.**

**AN EXTRAORDINARY ORDINARY MAN : Reading the paper and unrecognised by those nearby is the man who has been twice Prime Minister.**

Clement Richard Attlee's retirement at the age of seventy-two from the high office in which he has distinguished himself for so long was entirely in keeping with his character. On the day he announced his resignation as Labour's Leader he travelled from his home outside London by train to Westminster, which is his regular habit. As always there was little to remark him from the crowd of City-bound business people and workers. Even his announcement to his Party meeting was brief and unemotional. Mr. Attlee first held Government office in 1924 and has been twice Prime Minister. There is general pleasure that he has accepted an earldom (the right of a retiring Premier).

**FREED FROM OFFICE : He has announced his resignation from the leadership of his party and drives away from Parliament with Mrs. Attlee at the wheel of the car. He had been thirty-three years an M.P. and Leader of the Labour Party for twenty of them. His retirement had been expected.**



**THE NEW EARL GOES OUT TO DINNER : Accompanied by Mr. Julian Amery, M.P., he arrives at Drapers' Hall for the presentation of the Williamsburg Award to Sir Winston Churchill.**

**A DECEMBER PASTORAL SCENE ON A BERKSHIRE FARM : Close to the ancient church of the village of Besselsleigh, near Abingdon, a shepherd tends his flock of Dorset Horns during the December lambing season.** By the end of this month over a hundred lambs are expected to have been born on the farm of Mr. A. E. Binning, at Great Park, Besselsleigh. This is not uncommon for Dorset Horns. They can lamb twice a year but most farmers aim at three lambings in two years. This is better for the ewes and also produces a hardier class of lambs, which are often born on the open ground. The shepherd in charge at Mr. Binning's farm is fifty-one-year-old Walter Guppy, who comes from Dorset. His is not the best of jobs during the lambing season, although it only lasts for about three or four weeks at the most. He must be out in all weathers and visit his flock at least once every three hours throughout the day and night. But there are compensations. He gets a bonus of 1s. for every lamb that lives and half-a-crown for twins. Added to this is the prestige and extra bonus if one of them should ever become a show winner.

# LAMBING IN BERKSHIRE

*The First December Lambs are Born in Fine Weather*

**THE LAMBS FIND THEIR FEET : While one of the newly-born members of the flock stands shyly looking at the camera, another is evidently imbued with the spirit of spring.**

**THE SHEPHERD WITH HIS LAMBS : During the lambing season Mr. Walter Guppy, like any other shepherd, spends a great deal of time with his flock. He is out in all weathers.**

**A DAY IN THE WINTER SUNSHINE : Fortunately the weather in the early part of the lambing season at Besselsleigh has been very favourable. If a lamb is born in the open the shepherd goes out to bring it in to the shelter of the pens. A shepherd has no "fixed" hours during the lambing season.**

**THE EXPEDITION RECEIVES A SEND-OFF IN KALININGRAD : The people of this East Prussian city, formerly Königsberg, crowd round the rostrum on which civic dignitaries and members of the Antarctic research expedition listen to the speeches. In the harbour stands the 12,600-ton vessel *Ob*, which is taking the advance party of the expedition to Knox Coast, in the Antarctic. This expedition, from the Russian Academy of Sciences, is part of the Soviet contribution to South Polar research.**

# RUSSIANS HEAD FOR ANTARCTICA

*The Scientific Expedition which is Part of the Soviet Contribution to the International Geophysical Year Leaves Kaliningrad*

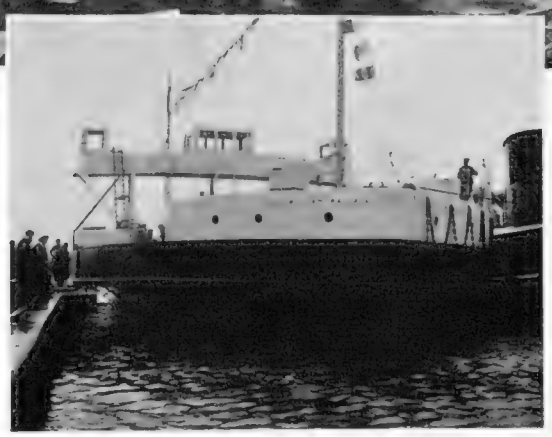
November has been a great month for Antarctic preparations, for the expeditions from those countries participating in the South Polar exploration in the International Geophysical Year want to establish their advance bases during the short summer in January. The Russian expedition left East Prussia at the end of the month. It is the first expedition to be sent from Soviet Russia to the Antarctic, and it plans to set up base near the Knox Coast, that is, on the side of the South Pole opposite the Weddell Sea, to which the British expeditions are going. Like the British and American expeditions, the object of those who sailed in the *Ob* is mainly scientific : geography, geology and meteorology will keep the members occupied. But one unusual feature of the Soviet expedition is the importance that is being attached to aviation. Like most Antarctic expeditions, the Soviet one is accompanied by a helicopter. But on the *Ob* are also a large number of aviators, headed by the renowned Soviet Arctic flyer Cherevichny. Their avowed purpose is to make a detailed study of flying conditions, which are very different in the Antarctic, where there are no maps, different stars, and considerable mountain ranges. It is expected that flights into the Antarctic interior will be made late next year.

**READY FOR THE WHITE SOUTH : Members of this, the first Soviet Antarctic expedition, stand at the quay before leaving in the *Ob*, seen in the background. The tallest man in the group (in the centre) is the captain of the *Ob*, and, on his right, stands the leader of the expedition's air squadron, Cherevichny.**

**WITH THE FINEST TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT THAT THE SOVIET UNION CAN SUPPLY : The scientific secretary of the expedition (left) and the oceanographist, stand in a cabin while a wave-measuring instrument is tested. Hundreds of Soviet factories have contributed to the equipment.**

**UNUSUAL EMPHASIS IS PLACED ON ANTARCTIC AVIATION : This group of fliers on the expedition includes their leader, Cherevichny (centre), and the pilot of the helicopter.**

**THE SHIP THAT IS TAKING THE ADVANCE PARTY TO ANTARCTICA : The *Ob* before she sailed from Kaliningrad to the Antarctic. The 12,600-ton vessel has four diesel electric engines with a combined capacity of over 8,000 h.p. The ship took on enough fuel to enable her to sail nearly 50,000 miles.**



**A NEW FERRY FOR THE FIRTH OF FORTH : The *Sir William Wallace* slides down the ways at the Leven, Dumbarton, shipyard of William Denny and Bros. Ltd., after her launching. The naming ceremony was performed by the wife of Sir William Wallace, chairman of an Edinburgh engineering firm. But the ferry was named after Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish hero of the thirteenth century, immortalised in Burns' poem "Scots wha hae."** The new ferry is designed to carry cars and about 500 passengers. She will join the *Robert Bruce*, *Queen Margaret* and *Mary Queen of Scots* which operate between North and South Queensferry, on the Firth of Forth, a run of about ten minutes.

*On left—*

**CAUGHT BY A STRONG WIND—THE HAZARDS OF A WINTER LAUNCHING : The *Sir William Wallace* rides up on a dockside after a gust of wind had caught the ferry as she was being towed to the fitting-out yard.**

# NEW SHIPS TAKE THE WATER

*The Launchings of a Ferry from Dumbarton and of a Trawler from Lowestoft*

*On left—*

**ANOTHER BRITISH-BUILT TRAWLER FOR RUSSIA : The M.T. *Karasj* takes the water at the Brooke Marine shipyard, in Lowestoft. She had been launched by Mrs. C. V. Ananichev, the wife of a Soviet Diesel engine specialist who is a member of the Russian trade delegation in the United Kingdom.** The *Karasj* is the fourth of twenty trawlers which are being constructed by Brooke Marine Limited for the Soviet Union. Each of the trawlers is nearly 190 ft. in length overall, and has a loaded displacement of approximately 1,300 tons. They have been specially constructed for Arctic waters, exceptional consideration being given to their stability and general seaworthiness in ice conditions. The first of the trawlers, the *Pioner*, is at present undergoing trials. The launching of the *Karasj* is the second to be made from the upstream slipways on the west side of Brooke Marine's new shipyard, following that of the *Muksun* in November. The launching marks the completion of the first phase in the development of this Lowestoft foreshore by Dowsett Engineering Construction. The new shipyard is able to build and service vessels of up to 4,500 gross tons.

*The Sphere of Travel*

# RELAXATION AT SEA

## *Winter and Spring Cruises Offer Many Attractions—Especially the Chance of Rest*

By GORDON COOPER

THERE are few things more enticing than a travel poster inviting us to go to sea. For all of us in Britain have the oceans in our blood. If the destination of an advertised voyage is some part of the world or some phenomenon we have not yet seen, then the urge to go becomes insistent. I myself have never in my widespread travels seen a live whale. I feel sure that if ever I heard of the existence of a "Whale Cruise," I would be off, forgetful even of the income-tax collector.

A voyage to look at whales might not interest a shipping company—or many readers—but for those who want to relax, rest and recuperate there is a variety of attractive cruises available. You can travel on passenger liner or freighter, remembering, however, that the increasing popularity of the latter means that passages are often booked up for months ahead. In fact, I believe that reservations for sea journeys in 1957 are already arranged.

Even on passenger liners there can be obstacles to potential plans. You may find, for instance, that while you can book a passage out to the ship's destination, there is difficulty in fixing for the return trip to suit your convenience. This difficulty arises especially for those wishing to visit the West Indies. The best advice I can give to intending travellers is to get in touch with a travel agent specialising in sea voyages and discuss the matter with him. He has all the latest information.

Where to go is largely dependent on the month and the intended length of the cruise. In January and February, for instance, I would be chary in recommending a sea cruise in the Mediterranean, although in March it would meet with my advocacy. I know that in the first two months of the year you might be lucky and have wonderful sunny weather—but you might not.

Although it is now many years ago, I remember well my first sight of Naples, which was from the sea and on New Year's Day. The stories I had heard of its wonderful bay! The travel books I had read on what there was to see! But rain and snow were allying in icy sleet. In the bitter cold I felt utterly miserable. There was hardly any bay and what I could see of it seemed glum. There was a wet quay, some discoloured house-fronts, and a couple of cabs. I took a cab. That was preferable to walking to the railway station, and quicker. Since then I have been back to Naples several times and enjoyed its warm sun, but always during other months of the year.

Frankly, for a holiday with less than three weeks at sea during January and February, Madeira and the Canaries are the best recommendations. In addition to the regular sailings by the Norwegian M.S. *Venus* from Southampton to Madeira and Tenerife—the round trip takes ten to eleven days—there are the bi-monthly sailings by a Spanish line from London Bridge to the Canaries, with calls scheduled at two ports for two to four days, while the round journey takes just under a fortnight. The fares are from £38 10s., and you can arrange to break the journey. On board there is Spanish cooking, which means the use of olive-oil instead of artificial fats. This cuisine is not liked by some people, but dietetically it is said to be better for one's health.

For those who would wish to linger in the Canaries for a while in escapist isolation, I can strongly recommend the *parador* at Arecife, on Lanzarote, an island recently described in these pages. Although it seems remote, it can be reached by air services in a couple of hours from Santa Cruz and Las Palmas. A journalist friend of mine who took my advice and went there last winter found the greatest difficulty in forcing himself to come home again. The equally delectable, but quite different island of Palma can only be reached by a rather indifferent ship. Here, too, there is an excellent *parador* and much to see, and excellent cigars at absurd prices: 4d. to 6d. each.

Another suggestion would be to travel by a fortnightly service from Barcelona (easily reached by tourist air flight), which takes you in Spanish freighters, with accommodation for some twenty cabin-class passengers in double port-hole cabins, and with typical Spanish cooking, on a 3,000-mile voyage via Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Almeria, Malaga, Ceuta (Spanish Morocco), Las Palmas, Tenerife, Santa Cruz, returning by most of these ports to Barcelona. The duration of the round trip, London to London, is about twenty-eight days, less if you fly to and from Barcelona. The cost is around £85.

An alternative return from this sea tour can be effected by transferring at Tenerife to a weekly service by Spanish freighters, to Vigo, Corunna and Bilbao (eight days at sea). From Bilbao you could return to Paris and London by train service, or by sea to Antwerp, thence to London or Hull. This would extend the length of the holiday, and there would be a small extra cost.

It is worth mentioning that the calls at Spanish ports are made during the day and the actual voyages at night. Thus you have ample opportunity for sight-seeing. In the case of Malaga, I suggest you lunch at the Gibralfaro, a restaurant run by the Spanish State Tourist Department. It has a magnificent panoramic view of the coast.

For travellers who can time their journey from late February, I can recommend fortnightly Danish sailings by the D.F.T.S. Line, from Antwerp to Tangier, French Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, southern France, eastern Spain and/or Portugal. The average duration is six weeks, and the inclusive costs from London, in excellent bedstead cabins and with good, varied Danish food, are from £256 double, £155 single, port-hole cabins. An additional attraction on these cruises is that your standard travel allowance is unaffected.

A shorter trip (fifteen to seventeen days), but again not recommended before the end of February, is by the French Sage Line, whose ships leave Dunkirk, approximately every Friday, for Algiers, Oran, Mostaganem, Benisaffi, Nemours, and often Casablanca. The accommodation is excellent. The food is cooked in the French style, with French wines available. Inclusive fares from and to London, £67, while an exclusive cabin for one person is £100.

For those with more time at their disposal, there are bi-monthly round voyages (from Hamburg or Bremen) by new German freighters to Kingston (Jamaica), and other ports, the round trip taking approximately five weeks. The fare for the round voyage is £155 from London.

A six-weekly departure, also by German freighter, is one which takes you to Aruba (Caribbean), Panama and Equatorial ports, including Guayaquil, for about six weeks, at the round fare from London of £160.

Round tours of Africa are particularly attractive, especially during the calls made at the various ports on the east coast. There are opportunities available whereby you can use the ship as an hotel whilst in port. If you travel out to Cape Town—and I suggest that you make the journey in one of the fine new "City" liners of the Ellerman Lines—you might care to make a luxury coach tour through to Durban (or vice versa). This enables you to see something of South Africa, which can never be observed properly from just staying in port. On some of these trips you can even arrange to visit the Victoria Falls, with calls at Bulawayo and at Salisbury before rejoining your ship at Beira. This round-Africa tour can be made in about seventy days, but without inland excursions, and the fares are from £150.

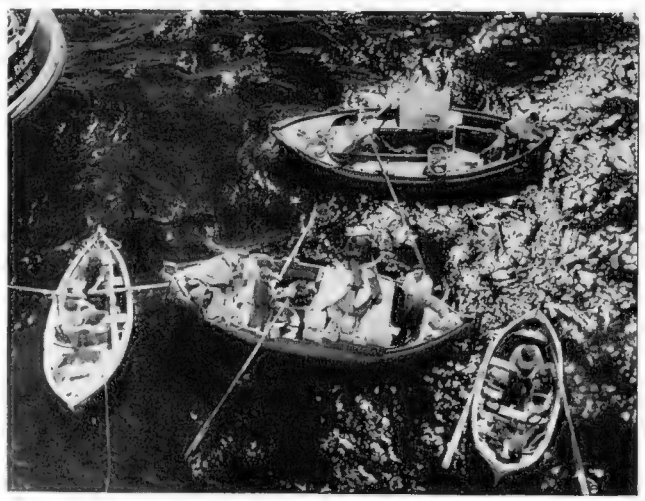
Perhaps you have seen Africa, perhaps you crave for the Orient. If so, then there are several opportunities of satisfying your desires. There are various lines, passenger and freighter, which will take you to such places as Colombo, Saigon, Bangkok, the East Indies, Philippines, Hong Kong and Japan. I am especially attracted by a Danish service of freighters, with lavish accommodation and cuisine, which takes you to Bangkok, where twenty days are spent, using the ship as an hotel. From the Siamese capital it is not difficult to reach Angkor, where the ruins of the former Khmers, and especially the Angkor Wat, are among the most fascinating of all man-made monuments.

Should you decide to go there, plan to spend at least four days on the site, for not only will you be entranced with what you see, but you may never again have the opportunity of experiencing one of the outstanding wonders of the world.

This trip, by the way, costs from £350, and its duration is around three months—but time loses count when you make what may turn out to be one of the most worth-while journeys of a lifetime.

**THE KINDLY SEA: The oceans are not always cruel. Here passengers in the S.S. *Kenya Castle*, bound from London to Genoa, are enjoying the rest and relaxation which are part of a cruise. But, in the early months of the year, the weather is a consideration in planning voyages.**

**ON A VOYAGE ROUND AFRICA: A ship approaches Dar-es-Salaam, in Tanganyika. There are many attractions in a voyage round Africa, especially if advantage is taken of inland tours from ports. On some occasions it is possible to use the ship as a hotel while in harbour.**



**ARRIVING IN GIBRALTAR HARBOUR: This spectacle of the boats from which vendors offer all manner of wares is familiar to those who have sailed into port at the Fortress Rock.**

**USEFUL ADDRESSES.**

*Cook's, Berkeley Street, London, W.1.*
*Informal Travels Ltd., 45, Queensway, W.2.*
*Sir Henry Lunn Ltd., 172, New Bond Street, W.1.*
*Western Shipping and Air Travel Ltd., 39, Jermyn Street, W.1.*

# IN WESTERN KERRY

*A Corner of Ireland which is Ideal for Those who Seek Holidays in Isolated Surroundings*

Written and Photographed by J. ALLAN CASH

IN AREA WHICH IS ALMOST TROPICAL : The River Sneem, in West Kerry, flows to Parknasilla, which is so sheltered that tropical plants and trees grow there.

A LONELY SPOT : A car is not common along the road by St. Finian's Bay. The donkey-cart carrying the milk-churns is still the usual local transport.

THE SANDY COVES OF KERRY : They rival any in Europe. Kerry abounds in bays of this kind, which lie open to the Atlantic and offer splendid holidays. Daniel O'Connell, the great patriot, walked on these shores. This scenery inspired Spenser in writing the "Faerie Queene," for he was an English official in Kerry.

*On left—*

LOADING SAND IN THE OLD STYLE : Horses and a donkey are the means by which the inhabitants bring their carts to St. Finian's Bay for loading sand.

ISOLATED GRANDEUR : From the heights above Derrynane Bay one looks across the water to the mountains beyond. This is an area which is splendidly solitary. *On left*—A lonely road passes a farmstead, with Lough Cloonaghlin in the background.

Of the three great peninsulas of County Kerry which stand out westwards into the Atlantic, the centre one—the Iveragh Peninsula—is by far the largest. There is an excellent road all round it, sometimes called the Kerry Circuit or the Ring of Kerry, starting at Killarney and running through Kenmare, Parknasilla, Waterville, Cahirsiveen and Killorglin. There are also several excellent roads through the centre of this great mass of mountainous country. But in this short article I will describe only the western end of it, with Waterville my centre. From here you can go inland among some lovely loughs, southwards along the coast, northwards to Dingle Bay, or out to the open sea at St. Finian's Bay. Waterville itself is a pretty little village, and the eastern end of no less than six transatlantic cables.

Lough Currane, immediately inland, is famous for its salmon and sea-trout fishing. Incredibly vast numbers are caught each year. There is a delightful little road on the south shore of this lough, hardly marked on the map, but an ideal spot for a quiet picnic on a sunny afternoon. Out in the lough lies Church Island, with the ruins of an abbey and many interesting relics of ancient days. A road north of the lough takes you, with different little branch roads, to Namona Lough, Cloonaghlin Lough and the incomparable Lough Derriana, surrounded by high peaks. These lesser roads are worth exploring, for they are all reasonably good and around lies extremely attractive country.

The main road south to Waterville runs high up over the Coomakista Pass and down to Derrynane Bay, where there are sandy beaches and rocky coves that rival any in Europe. Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot, was born and lived near Cahirsiveen. Farther along you will come to Parknasilla, in such a sheltered spot that palm-trees and all manner of tropical growth flourishes to such an extent that, coupled with the incredible colours of sea and sky, you might well imagine you were on the Mediterranean coast.

Waterville lies on Ballinskelligs Bay, a wide expanse of water wide open to the Atlantic. There is a road round the south side of the bay to Hog's Head. The other way round the bay, a much longer road, leads through a gap in the hills to St. Finian's Bay, where there are sandy coves between rocky points and all is quiet and peaceful. You could spend days here exploring, walking, climbing and, in summer, bathing, and hardly see another visitor.

Over the hills on the north side of this bay lies Valencia Island, which can be reached from the town of Cahirsiveen. The island is a continuation of the mainland, as far as scenery is concerned, and much of it is very beautiful. Here there is another cable station and some very fine gardens, but there is little in the way of transport on Valencia, so you will have to see it on foot for the most part. The name, incidentally, is a reminder of the Spanish influence in Eire, which dates from the Armada.

This, then, is Western Kerry, a remote but friendly part of Ireland, where life goes leisurely on and no one is in a hurry, where the colours and the scenery can easily persuade you that you are in a foreign land far from the British Isles. True it rains at times, but after the rain the colours are so intense and beautiful that they make up for all the rain. You cannot fail to be enchanted by this lovely country.

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# A NURSERY CHRISTMAS

*Recollections of a Child's Christmas Holiday in the Country in the Edwardian Era; Bernard Darwin's Autobiography; Thomas Hardy's Notebooks; and a Biography of Young Samuel Johnson*

EVEN the Land of Limberlost or the Country of Deirdre is not more remote than that England when children, going to stay with their parents' friend in a country house, were escorted by a nanny and one or two nursemaids per family. A footman took them to the station, bought their tickets, stowed them in a carriage (first class for babies, children and nannies, third class for nursemaids), and sent them off on a journey at the other end of which they would be met successively by the station-master, cab-drivers and the butler and housekeeper. Mary Clive writes of a small girl's Christmas holiday in such circumstances, when Edward VII was on the throne. One of the things that emerges most clearly from CHRISTMAS WITH THE SAVAGES (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) is that no matter what grandmothers tell one, the children of their age were not nearly as tame and biddable as the children of our own. A perfectly delightful book, and often very funny.

Mr. Bernard Darwin, familiar to readers of *The Times* and *Country Life*, and, of course, for his long prowess at golf, has written his autobiography, begun in the last century and happily progressing in the present. In his opening chapter, playing himself in to the book as he later played himself in to the captaincy of the Royal and Ancient, Mr. Darwin writes of a five-year-old child who said, of a beloved gardener: "Could Fred make the world?" And that sense of wonder and at the same time security is reflected for a great part of these memoirs which the author has chosen to call THE WORLD THAT FRED MADE (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). Bernard Darwin has known the greatest golf-courses and has played on most of them with many of the game's great ones, but he has also known Eton in the early '90's, a country childhood in Kent and Wales and a wide variety of men and women in academic as well as sporting circles. Suave and often amusing, with an old-world charm.

THOMAS HARDY'S NOTEBOOKS (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.) include two of those he kept between 1867 and 1928, with excerpts from a third kept in an interim period between 1878 and 1880. The editor of this small, scholarly and, to Hardy lovers, immensely interesting volume is Miss Evelyn Hardy, who is no relation of the writer's but an author in her own right and one who is gifted with sensibility and an instinctive feeling for this particular subject. The notebooks are revealing, though never in the sensational sense, of a writer's development.

"Everybody thinks of Dr. Johnson as an old man," writes Mr. James L. Clifford, the author of an admirable biography, YOUNG SAMUEL JOHNSON (Heinemann. 30s.), which has the considerable advantage of sound and scrupulous research with practically no trimmings of psychological deductions or speculations. Instead, Mr. Clifford writes simply, soberly and with distinction about the facts of Johnson's childhood in Lichfield, ungainly and half-blind; his work in his father's bookshop which at least satisfied his love for reading; his experiences as an undergraduate at Oxford when his bare feet were apt to show through his broken shoes; his far-from-successful period as schoolmaster and hack writer; his marriage with a widow twenty years older than himself, up to the time when he began his dictionary, which was to bring him lasting fame. A fine work, more readable than many novels.

The next two books are stories of action and of physical courage, and the first, BITTER MONSOON (Robert Hale. 15s.), is in many ways a touching account of the early life of a fighter pilot who was killed in 1944 in the Imphal Valley and left diaries and memoirs written in his last months of fighting against odds and growing discouragement. They were collected and have here been edited by his best friend, Mr. Oliver Moxon, who has made of them a moving record of a young man's early, varied life and his introduction while still a boy to the dangers, monotony and despair of war.

ANTARCTIC HAZARD (Frederick Muller. 15s.) takes the *Moby Dick* rather than the Dr. Fuchs view of the Frozen South, for Mr. W. Ross Cockrill's book is about his own adventures as part of a modern whaling expedition—modern in equipment, that is to say, though the ships remain small and the gales, the bitter cold, the risks and the general discomfort seem to be as constant in his century as the last. Mr. Cockrill left a Civil Service appointment to go to Antarctica as veterinary and whale fishery inspector and, judging by the zest of his account of the life, doesn't seem to have regretted one adventurous moment of it.

**ROYAL HUNT IN WINDSOR PARK: This is one of three prints by James Pollard reproduced in colour in *British Sporting Prints* (The Ariel Press. 35s. limp cover and 45s. bound).** The works of seven artists are included in the plates reproduced in this magnificent volume. It is edited by John Cadfryn-Roberts, and the prints are confined to scenes of hunting and steeplechasing. The other six artists represented in the volume are Henry Alken, Robert Pollard, James Barenger, F. C. Turner, George Stubbs and Sir John Dean Paul.

Spain is the new focus, we are constantly being told, of tourist interest, and the latest book on that wonderful country is by Mr. Ralph Oppenhejm, a young Danish traveller whose lively account of his findings has been translated by Miss K. John in a book, SPAIN IN THE LOOKING GLASS (MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.), which puts the emphasis on personal experience and still conveys much of the Spanish *Alegria*.

Among the week's novels there comes first Mr. L. A. G. Strong's book, DELIVERANCE (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), which is concerned with the influences, some of them nearly fatal, in the life of an orphan boy who is essentially an affectionate and simple character but comes near to murder under stress. Ironically, this is one of his few acts of initiative, and on his last-minute escape from the deed itself he reverts to being the gentle, inoffensive creature that essentially he has always been and will always be. Poignant, sometimes violent and quite credible enough.

There is sudden death in Mr. Frank Tilsley's new novel, THICKER THAN WATER (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.), a story about a devoted family; parents, children, wives and fiancees, who are in the middle of a domestic celebration when the police arrive to look for a younger son who is suspected, and later charged with murder. The theme of the book is a family's solidarity, and the way in which that reacts to the unbelievable idea, and the nightmare pressures that result from it. Vivid, full of the sense of life and of ordinary, sometimes heroic, decency.

Mr. Guy McCrone is at his best as a writer when he is devoting himself to the ways and means, sentimental rather than economic, of a comfortable Scottish family, unpretentious, solid and sensible but with no other resemblance to the Archers. JAMES AND CHARLOTTE (Constable. 13s. 6d.) is such a story, in the course of which a young widow finds a new interest in life in studying the diaries of her devoted grandparents and reconstructs their courtship and the years of their marriage while, on a personal plane, she finds a new love for herself. The period is the present century from the day in 1901 when the grandparents first met at the International Exhibition, to the present day, and the style is cosy.

YANKEE POODLE (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) has an engaging title and is a gay, improbable and entertaining novel about balloonists in 1907, with side attractions of enthusiastic steam-car fanciers, dogs with a nice taste in Marsala, and Machiavellian Austrian counts and English adventuresses. All this, be it understood, in those days when an adventuress was *not* a lady who climbed mountains but exactly what Mr. William le Queux told us she was. I enjoyed it a good deal, and liked Mr. C. H. Gibbs-Smith's way with the fantastic-cum-technical aspects of his tale.

The detective ration this week is limited to Miss Agatha Christie's HICKORY DICKORY DOCK (Collins. 10s. 6d.), but since this is the latest exploit of M. Hercule Poirot and written with this author's customary verve and ingenuity, who could ask for more? Certainly not your reviewer, who found it thoroughly satisfactory from the first threat of danger to the last flourish of the little Belgian maestro-in-crime.

In THE SPHERE dated November 26 a book published by Geoffrey Bles was inaccurately described as *Apes and Elephants*. The correct title is *Alps and Elephants*.

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*In* **A PICTURE HISTORY OF FLIGHT** (Hulton Press. 25s.) *John W. R. Taylor records the story of the development of aviation from the early references of Roger Bacon to the preparatory work on interplanetary flight. There are nearly 650 pictures.*

**THE CONNOISSEUR YEAR BOOK, 1956** (The Connoisseur. 21s.), *edited and compiled by L. G. G. Ramsey, again deals with some of the country's great homes. In addition to many other profusely illustrated subjects it contains an article and illustrations on the Contemporary Studies of Lord Nelson by Oliver Warner.*

**THE GAME OF CRICKET** (Batsford. 25s.), *illustrated by a series of pictures in the museum of the Marylebone Cricket Club principally from the collection of the late Sir Jeremiah Colman, contains an introductory essay by Sir Norman Birkett. There are notes on the illustrations (many of which are in colour) by Diana R. Kerr.*

**WORLD OILMEN** (Sylvan Press. 2 guineas) *is a story in words and pictures of the men who provide the world's oil. The text is by A. M. Melland, and the pictures illustrate the industry in twenty-six countries.*

# ECONOMIC PROPHETS

*From Adam Smith to Keynes*

Who have been the major prophets in the world of political prophesying, and what has been their prophesying? These are questions that provide the basis for Robert L. Heilbroner's neat, well-ordered volume on THE GREAT ECONOMISTS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 28s.). What a strange parade they make, these fellows who so powerfully enlisted the mind of man and often wielded vast power without even lifting a finger in action. Some of them left in their train shattered empires and exploded continents. Others merely lit the fuses which led to world-shaking events. Adam Smith, that philosopher of astonishing scope, inquired searchingly into the wealth of nations, and Malthus and Ricardo formulated startling ideas upon population. Then there were John Stuart Mill, Fourier, Saint-Simon and Robert Owen, who provided the basic theorising for libera' Socialists, and Karl Marx who, within the confines of the British Museum, hammered out, in his ungainly English, a gospel for Communism.

Beside these immortals are many of lesser renown. One of the strangest characters was Thorstein Veblen, the Norwegian-American of rustic exterior, whose piercing eyes were perhaps the only indication of the piercing mental scrutiny he gave to the world's affairs. This man, so full of weird eccentricities, convulsed America at the turn of the century with his book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. John Maynard Keynes, who sought out a capitalist economy in which unemployment would be for ever eliminated, receives a long chapter to himself, and the author concludes this remarkable volume with a treatise on the planned world of to-day and the theorising of Joseph Schumpeter. No one will deny that this is a book with a strong American bias; but it clarifies many half-understood theories. It has been revised for publication in Britain, with two supplementary chapters by Paul Streeten.

Mountaineering literature floods in upon us, making it necessary for the hard-pressed reader to show a particular discrimination if only in his own defence. Here, however, is a *must* for climbers. THE ASCENT OF K2 (Elek Books. 21s.) tells the story of the assault upon and the conquest of the second highest peak in the world. For more than seventy-five years since its discovery K2 has been regarded as almost unscalable. It is only 700 ft. lower than Everest, and its last 12,000 ft. rise cliff upon cliff in such a way that the climbers, to secure a hold, have to claw camps like eagles' nests. Professor Ardito Desio describes the many hazards of the assault which he led to success in 1954, a year after the American failure upon the mountain. He tells it with modesty and simplicity and a mounting sense of drama, until that moment when, like a bolt from the blue, came the news of success snatched from the jaws of failure. But it was no matter of luck that the Italians succeeded; rather was it due to intensive preparations, the formulation of well-defined plans, and much high courage.

Alasdair Alpin MacGregor's writing has a sure place in the affections of SPHERE readers, and there are few subjects, particularly those linked with his native Scotland, upon which he is not willing to turn the searchlight of his inquiring mind. In THE GHOST BOOK (Robert Hale. 18s.), Mr. MacGregor tells of strange hauntings in Britain, not a few of them North of the Border. The disappointing thing about most books of this kind is that they constitute a re-hash of oft-told tales, such as Borley Rectory, the Ghost of Glamis and the Drummer of Airlie; but here the author covers new ghostly ground. This is clearly a line of research Mr. MacGregor means to pursue, for in his introduction he sends out a call for authenticated accounts of abnormal happenings.

Not everyone has an Emperor to write a preface, but if he happens to be a personal friend of the author the difficulties are obviously not profound. William Bazé, who spent some years with the Emperor Bao Dai capturing and breaking-in wild elephant in the Buké Dangur Reserve of Indo-China, before that country was ravaged by war, has written an admirable account of his experience under the title JUST ELEPHANTS (Elek Books. 21s.), and the Emperor duly obliges with an opening commendation.

Fred Hornibrook has a reputation of being "an original." In WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR (Cresset Press. 15s.), he keeps up the pace. This well-known physiotherapist and authority on health matters is eminently readable, whatever the field of controversy he chooses to enter, for he has a flair for old-fashioned argument and hard-hitting, as witness his views on the "Japs" and the world's latest *volte-face* in this regard.

Of rather wider interest than its title suggests is Terence de Vere White's THE STORY OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY (Kerryman. 21s.). The special tasks of the Society, since its inception in 1731, have been the improvement of Husbandry, Manufactures, and other useful arts and sciences, although to many people Dublin Horse Show and the Spring Show are the main activities now associated with the Society's name. Mr. White enlivens his book with pen portraits of some of the great and lesser figures in the Society's history.

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# A TRAGIC MIGRATION

*Wood-Pigeons Flying from North Europe are Trapped in Nets and Killed in the French Basque Country*

Every autumn hordes of wood-pigeons speed south from Scandinavia and northern Europe towards their winter quarters in Spain and North Africa. For thousands of the plump birds the migration ends tragically in the mountainous French Basque country near the Spanish border, where the Basque villagers slaughter them and sell them in the markets and to restaurants. Many of the birds fall to the hunters' guns; many more are caught in vast nets on the mountain slopes. The netting is done on a communal basis, with hundreds of beaters used to guide the wood-pigeons towards the nets. The method used at Etchalar, on the heights of the Lizarieta Col, near Biarritz, is typical of that used by the Basques from time immemorial. The nets, each one covering about 1,500 square feet, are raised on 45-ft. poles in small clearings on the wooded slopes. Both the nets and the cabins used by the hunters are carefully camouflaged and are invisible from more than a few feet. Far down the valley to the north can be seen Biarritz and Bayonne and the waters of the Bay of Biscay. It is along this valley and up the slopes that the doomed pigeons will come.

**PIGEONS ARE NETTED: They have been trapped on the heights of the Lizarieta Col, near Biarritz, while migrating south. The Basques kill and sell them.**

When an approaching flock is sighted, a look-out down the valley sounds a warning hunting horn. A second blast announces that the flock is a big one, and in a matter of seconds the dozens of hunters by the nets have disappeared into their cabins. From a camouflaged tower the flock is seen darkening the left-hand side of the valley, about to settle there for the night. But beaters send them swirling back into the air. The flock dives back down the valley, only to swarm back up the opposite slope.

As the flock circles, looking for a place to settle, other beaters start throwing what look like table-tennis bats at the birds. These small bats resemble sparrowhawks when in flight, and the skilful beaters use them to guide the pigeons towards the nets. If the flock is too high, a couple of hawk-bats above it will force it nearer the ground; if the flock is too far to one side, a judiciously-thrown bat will bring it back into line.

**TRICKS OF THE TRADE: These small bats, when thrown in the air, resemble sparrow-hawks and are used to drive the pigeons to the killing-ground. *On right*—A trapped bird is lifted from the mesh of the net, which covers 1,500 square feet.**

**A HAWK-BAT IN ACTION: It is thrown from the high tower. Its appearance frightens the pigeons into flying in the direction required by the hunters below.**

At last the flock whistles under the raised nets, which suddenly drop, trapping dozens of the fat birds, weighing from 12 ozs. to 1 lb. each. As the net falls, the hunters emerge from the cabins, gently disentangle the pigeons from the fine mesh, kill them by biting through a vein in their necks, and drop them into large sacks. As the netted birds are gathered up, gunfire echoes from the direction taken by the rest of the flock. Few birds of this particular flight will cross into Spain and beyond.

The net is raised, and when the horn sounds the approach of another flock, the hunters duck back into their cabins to repeat the operation. At nightfall the men retire to a lonely inn near the frontier to celebrate their successful day with glass after glass of heady Spanish claret.

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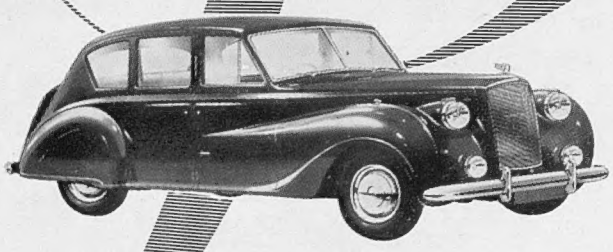

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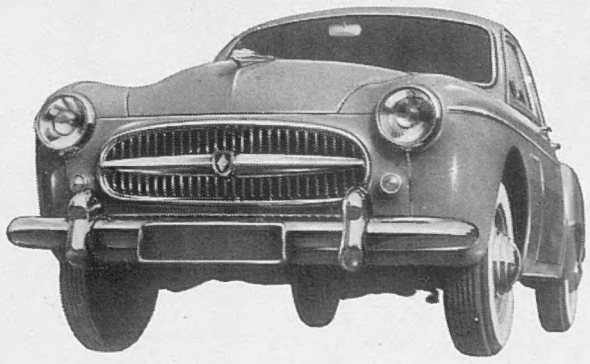

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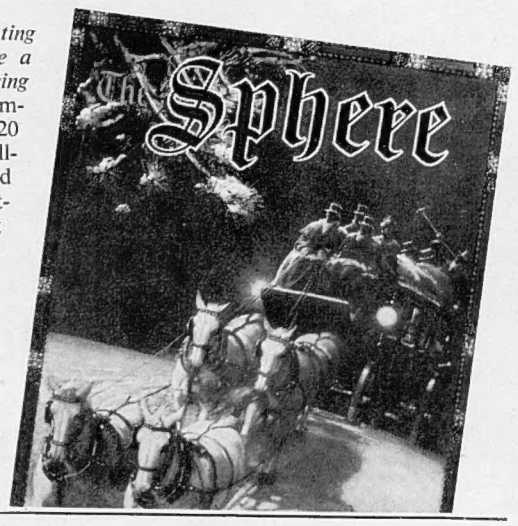


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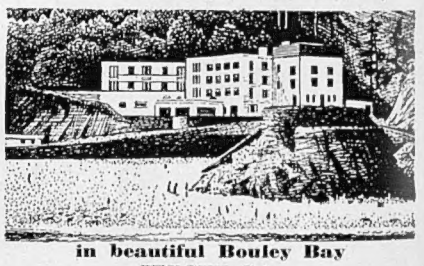
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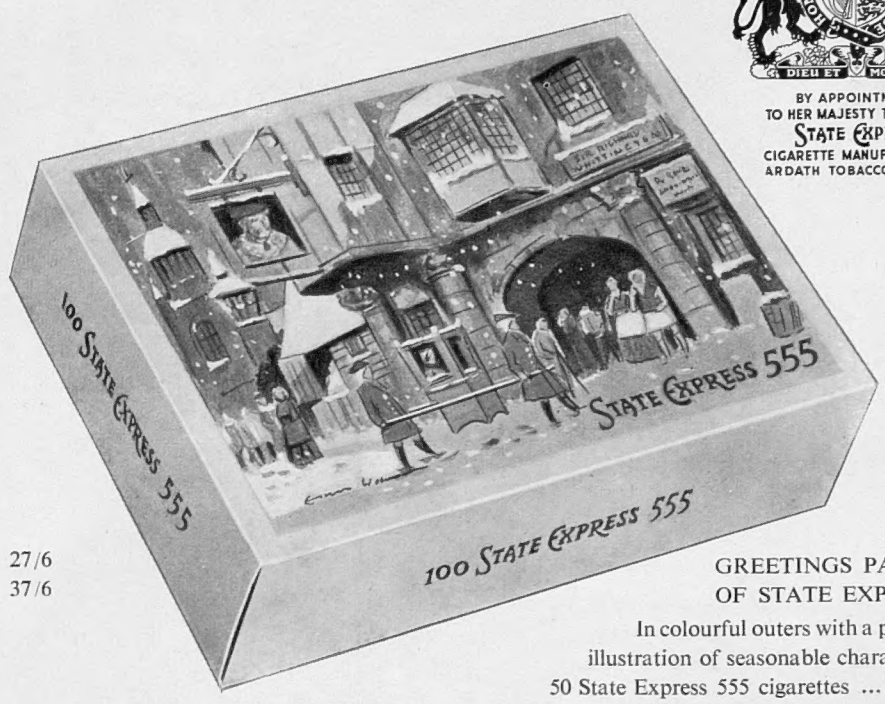


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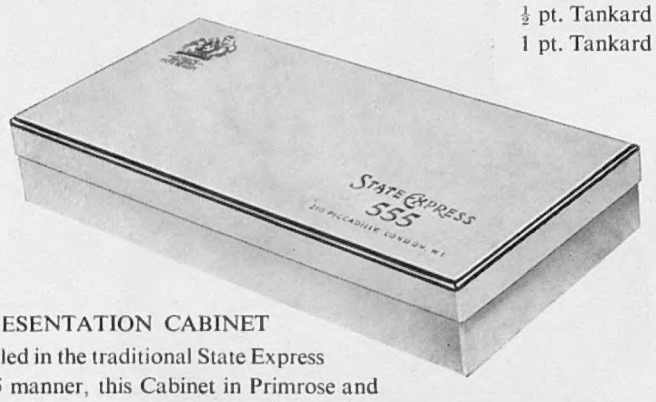


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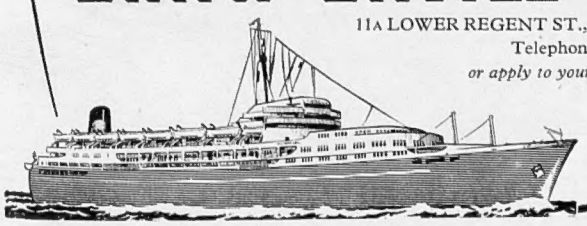

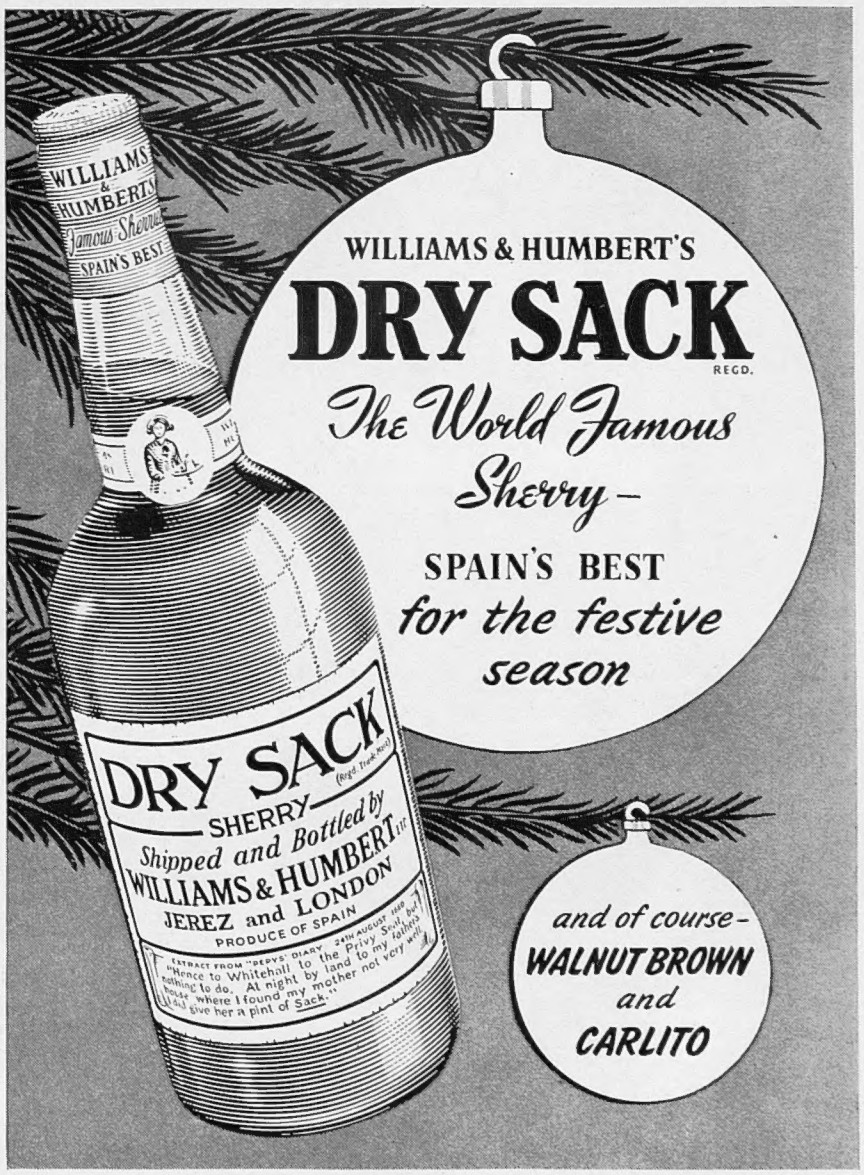


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